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BUY NOW FOR XMAS.**

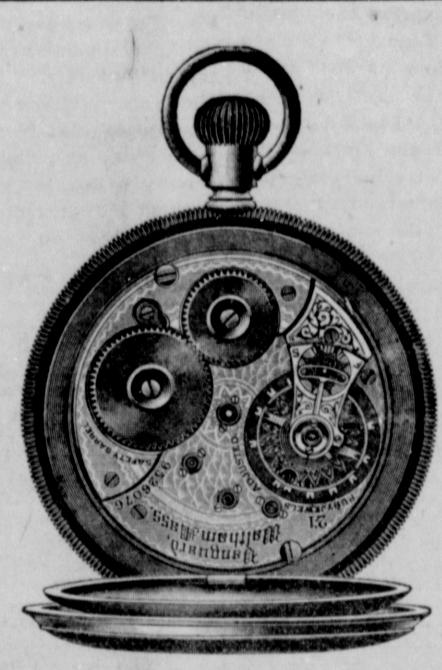


And to move the goods and put them within the reach of all I have made sweeping reductions in the already low cash discounts in prices throughout my stock. **Everything is marked in plain figures** so that you can see the difference in prices.

**10 to 25 %
REDUCTION!**

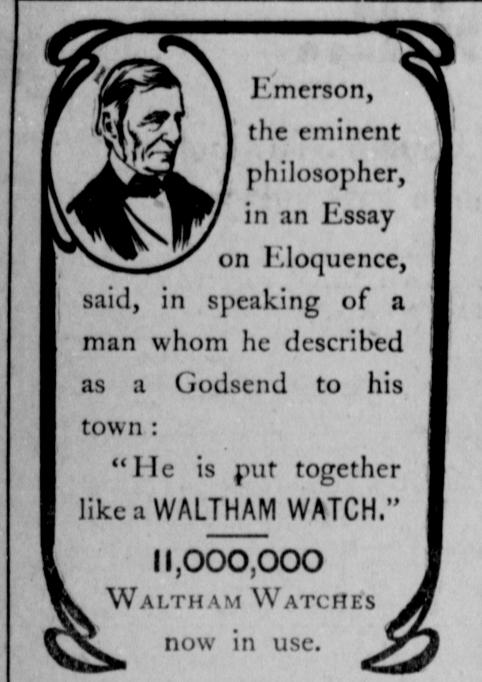
At 20 % Reduction !

All stud buttons.....20% reduction
All cuff buttons.....20% "
All scarf pins.....20% "
All lockets and charms.....20% "
All G F chains, gentlemen and ladies.....20% "
All gold and silver bracelets.....20% "
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Brooches under \$10.00.....20% "
Special prices on all over \$10.00.
Come and see them.
All fancy set rings.....20% "
All pearl and ruby rings.....20% "
All pearl and emerald rings.....20% "
All diamond and opal rings.....20% "
All diamond and ruby rings.....20% "
All diamond and emerald rings 20% "
CHILDREN'S RINGS
for 40c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00; former prices 50c, 75c and \$1.50.
Buy these now, while they last, as this sale only lasts till Xmas.



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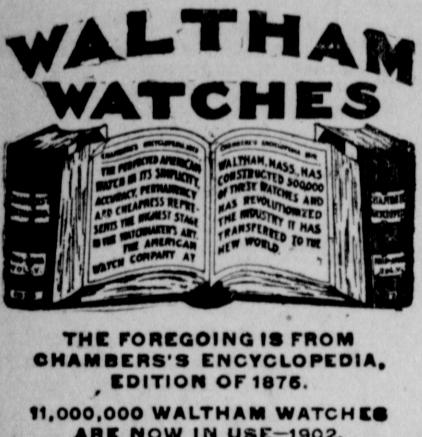
STERLING SILVER BRUSHES.
Containing Brushes with Sterling Silver back; Clothes brushes; Hat brushes; Tooth brushes; Nail brushes; Hair brushes; baby brushes; whisk brooms.
MANICURE PIECES.
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SCISSORS.
Manicure scissors; embroidery scissors; blunt point scissors; flower clippers; button hole scissors.
NOVELTIES.
Writing sets; bib holders; tie holders; hat marks; coat hangers; stamp boxes; match boxes; child's sets, knives, forks and spoons; silver buckle suspenders; silver buckle garters; emory bags; darning gourds.
At 25% discount. Just think of this reduction on fresh, new goods. Buy early and avoid the rush.



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A Nice Line and
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All the new things in Silver Quadruple Platedware 20 per cent Discount. This line contains Tea Sets, Berry Sets, Cake and Bread Trays, Butters and Syrups, Sugars and Creams, and many other small pieces.



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All Ebony Goods, Military Brushes, Shaving Brushes, Soap Boxes, etc 20 per cent. A beautifl line of Pearl handle knives forks and fruit Knives 20 per cent I have a fine line of loose Diamonds at the very lowest prices. These must be sold by Christmas. Come and see them.

WAVE CREST WARE

at 10 per cent discount off of the special low prices they are now marked. This line includes Jewel Cases, Collar and Cuff Cases, Puff Boxes, Salt and Peppers, Pin Cushion and Tray combined, Ink Stands, Biscuit Jars, Jardinieres, and handsome Vases. All carving sets 20 per cent off. Roger's Bros., 1847 goods, Spoons, Knives and Forks 10 per cent off. My stock is still unbroken. Call early so that you can have more time to make selections : : Yours for a merry Christmas

JOHN M. CALDWELL *The Jeweler*
Bryan, Texas.

WILL LAWSON'S LUCK

A Christmas Story
By ALFRED B. TOZER

Copyright, 1901, by Charles B. Etherington

I've often heard my old mother that's been dead these twenty years say that sinful ways carried their own penalties, and I'm sure the saying proved true in the case I'm going to tell you about, though you may say there was no actual sin committed by my friend, which may be true, but he gave way under strong temptation, and that is the next thing to it. Anyway, Will Lawson, the eldest son of her who was Samantha Fisher, would never have been arrested for murder and put in prison of his life if he hadn't yielded to temptation and had to do with a lottery ticket.

Widow Lawson, Will's mother, lived next door to me in a little white cottage with green blinds and a neat flower garden in front when these things happened, and we were the best of friends. So I remember as it was only yesterday the day Will came home from the city with his new clothes. It was the 9th of December, and Will's mother had been saving up all summer to buy that suit for a Christmas present for her boy, so it was quite an event when he brought it home. I ran right over when I saw him, and he put the clothes on and paraded around the house so we could see how he looked in them. Will was a handsome boy, with a straight, slender figure.

After the boy had shown off his clothes and told us all about his visit to the city I went home, for I had left some things stewing on the stove, and I was afraid they'd burn, but I hadn't been home very long before Mrs. Lawson marched in, with a worried look on her face and that wretched lottery ticket in her hand. Mrs. Lawson was a God fearing woman, and she almost cried as she told me about finding a ticket in the watch pocket of Will's new pantaloons.

"The worst of it," she said, "is that Will denies all knowledge of the ticket. He spoke up real disrespectful when I told him he'd better burn it. He said it might bring luck."

"Luck is hard work and saving ways," said I, "and I'm sorry to see such notions getting into your head. Nothing good can come of it, you may be sure. If I were in your place, I'd burn that lottery ticket right now in my kitchen stove."

"But I promised Will I wouldn't destroy it," she said.

All I could say didn't persuade her into my way of thinking, though she'd come over to consult me, and she went home with the ticket clasped tightly in her hand, as if it could bring anything but sorrow.

It was exactly two weeks after—on Dec. 23, to be exact—that Mrs. Lawson came over to my house looking more cheerful than I'd seen her look for many a long day.

"What do you think?" she asked, almost dancing across to the sink, where I was cleaning a small turkey for Christmas dinner—"what do you think? Will's ticket has drawn the prize."

Her words and her manner struck me all of a heap, but I managed to ask her what kind of a prize, for I thought perhaps he'd drawn a necklace or a clock.

"It's a money prize," she said. "Five thousand dollars."

I had turned around, with my dishpan, almost full of bloody water, in my hands, and I just sat down in a chair, feeling weak all in a minute, and the dishpan tipped over, and all that water went sailing over my clean floor.

"For land sakes!" I said when I got my breath again. "You don't say so!"

"Yes," she said. "It's all here in this list—No. 98,567."

When I asked her if he'd got the money and she said he was going to the city the next day to get it, I didn't encourage her in any hopes that might not be fulfilled.

"Well," said Mrs. Lawson, "Will's asked Lawyer Clapp about it, and he says it's all right. He's going down to the city tomorrow with Will after the money. They'll be back in the evening in time for Will to play Santa Claus in District school No. 3."

Then she hesitated a little, pulling at the strings of her winter hood, which was all crinkled up under her arm, but finally asked me not to say anything about Will drawing the money.

"He doesn't want it known," she said, "though I can't see why, and we're going on living as if we hadn't a cent in the world, for a time at least, and then perhaps we'll move away."

Mrs. Lawson went away looking just as cheerful as if Will had earned the money down at the mill and had it all in his hand, and I had to go to work and clean up the muss on the floor caused by that pan of bloody water. But somehow I couldn't seem to be thankful for what Mrs. Lawson considered such a blessing. I couldn't get the notion out of my mind that something dreadful would come of it.

The next morning, the day before Christmas, Will Lawson and Lawyer Clapp were up bright and early and took the 5:23 train for New York. They got the money, though they had to pay something out of the prize so as not to wait until the ticket had been sent in to the main office. They got home late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Lawson, pale and nervous as a kitten, was at the train to meet them.

Will jumped off first and, running up to his little mother, kissed her right before the crowd.

"It's all right," he said. "I've got the money, and I've paid Mr. Clapp for his time and trouble, but we both think

it's better not to say anything about this to the neighbors. Remember, mother, not a word."

Mrs. Lawson was so excited that she could only mumble out her promise to regard Will's wishes. On the way home she remarked:

"Will, I am that upset I wish you would not go to the Christmas eve jollification down at District school No. 3."

"Oh, I couldn't disappoint them. I've promised, and I must be there. Besides, I took \$10 of the money I got from the ticket and bought a few little presents for the youngsters. And then, you know if I don't go there'll be no Santa Claus."

The building belonging to District No. 3 was the typical country schoolhouse. It was painted red and contained two rooms—one for the more advanced scholars and one for the "primaries." There was an entrance for each section. One of these little vestibules had been transformed for the occasion into a dressing room for Santa Claus. In the middle of the primary department, which was the larger division of the building, a short but broad spreading Christmas tree had been placed. It bore a fairly generous yield of tinsel gifts. Will added the presents he had bought and then, before the children began to arrive, retired to the vestibule to "make up" as Santa Claus.

The room soon filled, and, to the accompaniment of the music of the and brass horns, Santa Claus entered. The children gazed upon the weirdly built St. Nicholas with feelings of awe mingled with admiration. Santa stepped up to the tree, bowing to the little folks as he went. Clumsily he selected the first present and called out the name inscribed thereon:

"Jimmie Brown!"

A youngster about seven years of age, with his hair plastered down into a cowlick on his forehead, promptly stepped forward from the front row, looked around and, seeing that he was the only person out of line, stuck his finger into his cheek, began to blubber and abruptly rushed back to the shelter of the crowd. He was quieted and made his way haltingly to the tree, where St. Nicholas handed him a mauve colored sheep which emitted a plaintive "Ba-a-a!" when it was pressed. As Jimmie moved jerkily backward toward his original position the door opened.

Every one looked around, and all were astonished to observe that the two men who entered were strangers. One of the newcomers asked if Will Lawson was there.

The school trustee went over to the man and explained that Will was Santa Claus and that it would not do to let the children find out that their idol was but a man of clay. The fellow walked over toward the tree, placed his hand upon Will's shoulder and gruffly remarked:

"Will Lawson, you are my prisoner!"

Will was dumfounded, but his surprise was as nothing compared to that of the children, who then learned what they had never even suspected—that their Santa Claus was only a man. The festivities broke up in a hurry, but the man, who was an officer from New York, never left Will's side.

Will had been arrested for murder, and all because of that lottery ticket. Lawyer Clapp came in by and by of a bustle, and the four—Will and the lawyer and the two strangers—went down to Mrs. Lawson's house. The poor woman fainted away when she heard that Will had been arrested, and I ran in as soon as I heard of it. When I got there, the fence in front of the cottage was all lined with prying faces.

When Mrs. Lawson came to, Will told her not to worry, that he had done nothing to be arrested for and that it would all come out right in time.

"I've got to go away with these men tonight," he said, "but I'll be back in a few days. And Lawyer Clapp is going with me, and you can hear from me through him. But, whatever happens, you must always believe that I told you the truth about that ticket."

They went off that night. The following day was Christmas, and what a Christmas it was for poor Mrs. Lawson and me! Lawyer Clapp came back the day after Christmas. He told us that the man who bought lottery ticket No. 98,567 had been stabbed to death in the street on the very night Will bought his new clothes and not far from the place where he bought them. He was a stranger in the city, only one man knowing anything about him, and that man his roommate at a cheap hotel.

But this roommate had seen the ticket. He remembered the number and thought it strange it wasn't found on the dead man's body. He told the police about it, and so when the ticket was cashed for Lawyer Clapp in New York it was traced back and promptly landed Will Lawson in prison. I heard that the broker who bought the ticket came very near being arrested for the murder and only escaped by giving Will's name and address. If the ticket hadn't drawn that prize, it would never have been heard of again, and Will wouldn't have been arrested.

Will stuck to the story he first told about the ticket, and Lawyer Clapp didn't believe it.

"I could do better for him if he'd tell the truth," Lawyer Clapp said to me one day, "for his possession of that ticket must be accounted for if we are to save him from the gallows."

I thought about it just as the lawyer did, but somehow I began to have more

confidence in Will's word. It didn't seem to me that he would lie himself right into a disdained grave.

One day just before the time set for the trial Mrs. Lawson came over to my house and sat there grieving and crying over the plight poor Will was in until my heart almost broke at the sight of her misery. Finally I told her that I was going to the city the next day, though I had never thought of it before, and that I meant to stay there until I found out all about that ticket and how it got into the packet of the boy's new pantaloons.

"I'm not going to sit here with folded hands," I said, "and see Will hanged, and that's the end of it. You may go with me if you want to, but I want you to remember that I'm to command the expedition and do whatever I see fit to do."

I think my positive way cheered her up a little. She went with me, and we saw the poor boy sitting alone and disconsolate in his cell. Such a crying time as we had over him! He told us where he had bought the clothes, and we found the store and looked it over, pretending to want to buy something. It was a little bit of a place in a dirty part of the city, with a low, smoky ceiling all covered with fly specks and a chilly atmosphere. It was dark in there too, though it was a bright winter day, and there was a smell of dye stuffs about the frosty interior that most turned my stomach.

The proprietor wasn't a bit more at

ease than his place of business. He looked like a Russian and was tall and stout, with a big nose and black hair and eyes. The hair of his head and the hair of his face met and tangled up together, and he darted his round eyes at us out of the thicket like a snake. I laid Will's clothes down on the counter and said they were bought there and that I would like to get a better suit and pay a little more money.

The man opened the bundle and said that he couldn't allow the full price, but he'd throw off enough on another suit to make up. Then something about the clothes seemed to attract his attention, and he grabbed them up quick and started for the front door, where it was lighter. I heard him muttering, and when he came back to us he pretended to be in a great rage.

"Why do you bring these rags here?" he demanded. "I never saw them before."

"I was just dumfounded for a second,

but there wasn't a thing I could say, so I took the clothes and went away.

When we got back to our little room in the hotel, I sat down and cried, it looked so black for Will, but in a minute an idea came to me like an inspiration.

"Now, Mrs. Lawson," I said, "we were not prospered in that undertaking

because I went about it with a lie in my mouth. I hope God'll forgive me for the falsehood, though it was told in a good cause. But we found out one thing by going there, and that is that there is something wrong about those clothes. You saw how the fellow acted when he came back from the door with them? Well, to my mind, he wasn't angry. He was just scared. Now, why? And why did he lie about selling the clothes? If there was only some way of proving that he sold the clothes, it might be possible to frighten him into telling the truth."

"Why?" said Mrs. Lawson, "there are the tags. Will saved every one of them, thinking he might want to change the clothes or something. We can send home and get the tags. They've got the store's private marks on them."

We sent for the tags that night, and by the time they reached us we'd done a lot of running around, but we were all ready for the clothing dealer.

Well, things were all fixed at last, and Lawyer Clapp got a policeman in plain clothes to go along with us. We left the policeman outside and marched into the store bold as brass. The proprietor didn't recognize us at first, I guess, and came forward to wait on us, though there wasn't a thing in his store I'd 'a' bought at a quarter of the price he asked for it. How Will ever came to trade in such a place is beyond my comprehension. Before I said a word I picked up a coat that was lying on the counter and looked at the marks on the tag sewed at the back of the collar. They were the same as the marks on the tags I had in my pocket.

When the man saw who I was, he began to seem mad again, but I saw him trembling.

"You take your old clothes and go away," he said. "I don't want you here. I never saw the clothes before, and I told you so once."

"Now, you keep your temper," I said.

"You talk pretty strong for an old woman," he said, "and when you've finished your say you can take your old clothes and walk out."

I started for the door, and I suppose he thought he'd scared me out, for I heard him chuckling, but he soon had cause to change his mind, for I knocked on the glass with my umbrella, and in walked the officer. The storekeeper was taken aback, but he tried to put on a bold face and asked the officer if he was conducting a branch insane asylum.

"Because if you are," he said, "you'd better take your patients to some other shop."

"We'll see about that directly," said the officer, "but I've got a little business to do with you first."

And he read him the subpoena and gave him a copy of it, all in printing and writing, plain as you please."

"Of course I'll have to obey the order of the court," said the man.

"That must have been the lottery ticket!" gasped Mrs. Lawson. "And Will has been telling the gospel truth all the time we've been doubting his word, poor boy!"

"Yes," said the man, "I guess it was the lottery ticket I've been reading about in the papers—No. 98,567—that drew \$15,000. I was a fool not to have my mind about me and take it out of the watch pocket when I got the clothes back on the shelf again. They wouldn't have traced it to me, I can tell you, and I'd have been \$15,000 better off now."

"I wish you had," said Mrs. Lawson, with a sob. "I wish to goodness you had!"

The rascal glared and went on with his story.

"About two minutes after the man went away with the clothes there was a hue and cry in the street, and I went out to see what was up, leaving a clerk to wait on customers. When I got outside, I heard people saying that a man had just been murdered at the mouth of an alley not far up the street, and I went there, curious to see who it was.

As soon as I came up to the place where the crowd was I saw that it was my customer that had been murdered. He lay upon the stones of the alley, with a knife wound in his breast and the blood all about him on the frosty ground. This suit of clothes that I had just sold him lay there by his side just as I had tied it up for him. Then the thought came to me that I might take the man's clothes and no one would lose by it, for you can't rob a dead man, he having no use for clothes. So I picked them up and hid them under my coat, and no one saw me, so great was the excitement. I got back to the store as quick as my feet could carry me and put the clothes on the shelf again, never once thinking of the little printed slip in the watch pocket of the pants, worse luck!"

The officer laughed at the shameless scoundrel's changed tone and manner, but I didn't feel much like laughing. I can tell you, with poor Will lying there in prison, his neck almost into the hangman's noose.

"Then in half an hour or so," continued the man, "this young fellow that's been arrested for murder came in, and I sold him the clothes. I suppose the lottery ticket was still in the watch pocket, and he must have found it after he got home and presented it for payment."

"I'm the one that found the ticket," broke in Mrs. Lawson, the tears of joy running down her face, "and I've always thought he lied to me about how it came there. I'm glad he hasn't got the sin of lying to answer for even if we can't prove that he didn't kill the man."

"We can prove that fast enough now," said the officer. Then he turned to the storekeeper again. "Why didn't you come forward and tell the truth when you saw the danger this innocent boy was in?" he asked. "But for this remarkable woman—he really said 'remarkable' and nodded his head at me, though I think Mrs. Lawson deserves most of the credit for what was done on account of her thinking about the tags—but for this remarkable woman he might have been hanged."

The clothing dealer's eyes sparkled with cunning.

"His heirs might have claimed the clothes," he said, "and then I didn't want people to know what I'd done."

"So that's why you lied to us when we came in here," I said. "And you would have seen that boy go to the gallows rather than lose the price of those clothes! You ought to be tarred and feathered!"

I walked away without saying a word, and the officer and Mrs. Lawson followed. We went to Will the first thing and told him the news. My, but he was glad to think that he was believed at last! The trial didn't amount to much after that, and they never found out who murdered that stranger or why he was murdered. The police say it is one of the unsolved murder mysteries, though they think he was mistaken for some other man.



"WILL LAWSON, YOU ARE MY PRISONER!"

A REAL HOME CHRISTMAS

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1901, by Charles W. Hooke



BEYOND Portland it was necessary to take an accommodation train which had no parlor car. Wetherell found a seat in a day coach and arranged his belongings with the care that marks a certain type of bachelor. He was no sooner seated than a fussy, stout woman with two little girls established herself behind him.

Why had he committed the incredible folly of this journey? From a sense of duty doubtless. It was time that he did something substantial for his aunts, his nearest living relatives, two widows with a household of other people's children, as he knew from their letters.

They had promised him "a real home Christmas," and he shuddered at the thought. He had been a homeless man for many years and hoped to live and die in that blessed condition. Out of a long, soul destroying, nerve wrecking struggle he had emerged a rich man. He had taken new and more luxurious rooms at the club. He was prepared to enjoy life in them, or if not he could at least be miserable with no one to worry him.

The train dawdled along and reached Lynde, which is the nearest station to Brantford, about noon. There remained a ride of eleven miles in whatever vehicle his aunts had provided.

He was near the only home in the world he could be sure was open to him for love alone. The old, boyish pledge that he would come back when he got rich was about to be made good. These matters might at least interest him, but they did not. It wearied him to consider them. He was conscious of an active dread of the cold and dreary ride that he must take, and he felt annoyed most unreasonably because the stout woman and her children who had distressed him on the train were alighting at this particular station. But his soul was empty of sentiment.

He dodged the trio and hastened through the little buildings, expecting to find his aunt's carriage upon the other side, but there was nothing that looked like a private conveyance. Just opposite the door a girl whom he had seen on the train was putting a hand bag into a queer vehicle on runners, called a "pung" in those parts. It had a broad seat, rudely hooded, in front and a long, boxlike body in which were some packages and a small trunk.

"Yes'm," the driver of the vehicle was saying, "this is the stage. I wouldn't be surprised if you was Miss Amy Hunt. Mrs. Martha Webster asked me to look out for you an' a young feller she was expectin'. You ain't seen nothin' of him, have you?"

"I saw a man get off the train," she replied, "but he was as gray as a mouse. He couldn't have been."

At this moment she caught sight of Wetherell, so close that he must have heard what she had said.

"Do you know," said he to the driver, "where I can hire a conveyance to take me to Brantford?"

"I'm goin' right over there. This is the stage. Cost you only half a dollar to ride with me. I guess you're Mr. Wetherell, ain't you? I was told to bring you over."

Wetherell perceived that he could not press his inquiry without a suggestion of courtesy to Miss Hunt. She would think he ought to welcome the chance to ride with her. There really was no way out of it. So after involving the whole state of Maine in one silent anathema he stepped aboard the pung.

Wetherell's meditations were interrupted by the loud voice of the stout woman who called from the door of the station demanding to know whether "that thing" was the Brantford stage. The driver said, "Yes'm," and measured the front seat with a glance of his eye.

"I guess you an' the youngsters will have to bundle in here behind," said he.

"By no means," exclaimed Wetherell, rising. "I could not think of subjecting the lady to so much discomfort. I will find a conveyance for myself."

"Keep your settin'," said the stout woman, with decision. "Me and the girls would jes' as soon ride behind. It'll be full warmer there than 'twill up on that seat."

Wetherell hesitated, meditating flight. The stage driver, whose name was Bunker, and the station agent were approaching with his trunk. The driver removed the horses' blankets and threw them into the pung.

"You better wrap the kids in these," he said. "What's your name, little one? Harriet Williams? An' your sister? Oh, her name's Lucy, is it?"

Bunker climbed to the seat of the pung, evading Wetherell's best attempt to make him take the middle of the seat. The lean steeds started the sleigh with an effort that boded ill for the speed of the journey. Wetherell subsided into the high collar of his coat and tried to summon up endurance.

On the edge of Lynde it began to snow, and a strong wind suddenly arose and whirled the snow into the faces of the travelers until they were half smothered and more than half blinded.

Wetherell looked sidewise over his collar at Miss Hunt. The girl wore a long black cloth coat, with a flimsy silk handkerchief around her neck.

"Are you very cold?" asked Wetherell.

"Freezing to death, thank you," said she. "And you?"

"Oh, I'm all right," he replied. "This coat of mine— Do you know?" he said, with a sudden thought, "I've another overcoat in my trunk. Shall I get it for you?"

"No, no," she exclaimed. "Don't think of opening your trunk here. The snow will drift in and spoil all your things."

He climbed over the back of the seat and succeeded in getting the trunk open, though his fingers nearly froze upon the key and the metal of the lock. It was necessary to lift out the tray and to put it into Mrs. Williams' lap, for room in the back of the pung was very scanty. With the penetrating eye peculiar to her sex Mrs. Williams saw some large bath towels.

"If I could have one of them to put over my head"—she said wistfully.

"Certainly," replied Wetherell. "Pass them around. There ought to be enough for all of us. And I say, Mr. Bunker, see if you can get into this."

He tossed the driver a frock coat, such as used to be called a Prince Albert. The idea of Bunker's wearing it amused him and suggested further pastime of the same kind.

"Mrs. Williams," he continued, "will you so far honor me as to wear this?"

"I'm that cold," she responded, with deadly seriousness, "that I'd wear anything except pants. My, ain't this lovely? What is it?"

"Well, it's a sort of morning garment," said Wetherell, holding up a heavy bathrobe of silk and wool.

"Here are a couple of coats for the children," he continued, tossing them out. "And here's quite an assortment of gloves."

He had found the overcoat at last, and he laid it down in the bottom of the pung while he replaced the tray and closed the trunk. Then he removed the fur lined coat.

"Why, what are you going to do?" exclaimed Miss Hunt. "No, I positively will not wear it. You must put it on again. The other is not nearly so warm."

"I think I shall find it more comfortable," he rejoined. "Please let me try, and if it isn't I will tell you."

By the exercise of a very fine quality of persuasion he induced her to put on the fur lined coat, which enveloped her from top to toe. Then he assisted Bunker to don the frock, the difference in the size of the two men making it possible for the driver to wear the garment over his long yellow ulster. His appearance thus attired excited the loud mirth of Mrs. Williams, who herself looked even more ridiculous in the hooded bathrobe.

They came to a short, steep hill, dimly visible through the snow, which was then driving thickly, beyond anything in Wetherell's experience. Bunker pulled up his team.

"I reckon you an' me 'll have to hoof it," he said.

Wetherell slowly dropped out of the pung. His left leg wouldn't walk at all, and the right one was by no means nimble. Yet there was the hill, and there were the horses, obviously unequal to the task of pulling the whole load. Wetherell summoned all his strength and made a start. Almost immediately he was conscious of feeling better. His blood began to stir. There came to him a strange, youthful sense of pleasure in this novel exertion, this struggle against the storm. His heart answered to many vague memories of old days. He turned and waved his hand to Miss Hunt with a boyish gesture and felt absurdly pleased when she returned the greeting.

From the top of the hill extended a level bit of road, but the snow was wildly drifted, and the horses floundered in it. Another hill, worse than the first, blotted at them through the eddying snow. The horses stopped at the foot of it without waiting for the rein, and the two men prepared for another climb. Miss Hunt declared herself able to join them, and Wetherell was obliged to restrain her with gentle force. Standing beside the rude vehicle and holding the girl in her place, Wetherell was aware for the first time that she was very pretty. She raised her veil to plead with him more effectively and in so doing produced an impression even stronger than she had foreseen, but because of it the man was further than ever from permitting her to climb the hill afoot.

It was a hard pull. At the last of it each man had a horse by the bridle and was exerting all his strength. In half that they made and later at the top of the ascent Wetherell heard Bunker murmuring: "Cur'ous—darned blasted cur'ous! I don't understand it." "What's curious?" he inquired at last.

Bunker stepped across in front of the horses.

"I don't seem to remember this hill," he said in a low voice.

Wetherell felt as if he had been stabbed with an icicle.

"You don't mean to tell me that there's any doubt about the road?" he demanded.

Bunker nervously adjusted the bath towel that was tied around his head.

"I ain't been over it but twice afore," he said. "I ain't the regular stage driver. I work for him. He does a sort of a little truckin' an' livery business in Brantford. I ain't been with him more'n a month. I come from over Thomaston way."

Wetherell uttered a half articulate prayer that would have been an oath in less desperate circumstances.

"My friend," said Wetherell, "if we are lost in this storm do you know what will happen to us?"

Bunker shivered so that the little icicles on his grizzled beard seemed to tinkle.

"We must come to a house sometime," he said.

"We must come to one pretty soon," said Wetherell.

"They're nigh beat out," said Bunker. "An' so'm I. The wust of it is that in this snow we may pass a dozen houses an' never know it. I can't see the side of the road half the time, an' in this region people build way back an' don't have no gate, but a pair of bars."

A gradual descent helped the tired team a bit, and then came another hill. When they got to the top of it, Bunker said, with decision and seeming with his last breath, "There ain't no such place as this on the road to Brantford."

Wetherell looked at the horses. They stood with their legs quivering under them. They seemed to be stricken not only with exhaustion, but with a dull terror. Upon the left side of the road was a heavy growth of spruces. Wetherell scented out a practical way leading into this grove, and with great difficulty the horses were forced to drag the sleigh under the trees. The shelter there was considerable, and the weary brutes seemed to feel some benefit from it.

"We must give them a little rest," Wetherell explained. "You'll all be quite comfortable here while I go on ahead to examine the road."

Miss Hunt beckoned him to the side of the sleigh.

He sprang up and threw his weight against the door, one, twice, and the lock was ripped out of the wood. He was in a broad hall quite pretentious in its decorations. A parlor was upon the right, a dining room beyond and a kitchen at the rear. Here he came first upon signs of recent occupancy, and the whole truth was apparent. This was a summer residence that had been in charge of caretakers who had gone away probably for a Christmas visit.

No human creature is insensible to the joy of bearing good tidings, especially when they relate to his own notable success. Wetherell returned to the spruces with something in his breast that closely resembled a light heart.

"Miss Hunt," he cried, "I have found a vacant palace in the adjoining pasture. I offer you all the comforts of home."

It had been a solemn time in the grove. Mrs. Williams, as Wetherell afterward learned, had displayed a talent for gloomy prophecy quite inappropriate in one so fat and hearty. She had pictured Wetherell walking in circles in the snow until he dropped dead just where he started, and she had fortified the description with so many harrowing anecdotes that the man had the effect of a ghost when he appeared.

The human freight and the baggage appertaining thereto were discharged at the front door of the house, and then the horses and pung were put into the barn. Wetherell and Bunker found the others in the kitchen.

"I've been lookin' around this place," said Mrs. Williams. "The house is pretty well found in the matter of groceries, but there ain't really nothin' to eat. I can make some bread, but that ain't very fillin'."

"There's plenty of coffee and some condensed milk," said Miss Hunt, "but"—

"I want something to eat," wailed Lucy.

Wetherell felt himself confronted by a new responsibility. He had succeeded in housing the people; now he must feed them.

"Mr. Bunker," said he, with an inspiration born of necessity, "what are all of those packages in the pung?"

"By Jimmynedy!" exclaimed Bunker.

"mas tree!" she cried in a voice choked with sobs. And she lay down upon her back and beat the floor with her heels.

Mrs. Williams gathered the child to her ample bosom and vainly tried alternate consolation and threats. To Wetherell this scene was more trying than that last hill on the wrong road in the midst of the snowstorm. He turned an appealing eye upon Miss Hunt but she offered no suggestion. She was holding Harriet's head in her lap and stroking her yellow hair. The child had a beautiful habit of crying silently, and she always hid her face when she did.

Wetherell viewed her with gratitude and admiration.

"Harriet," he said suddenly, "you're a good girl, and I'm going to tell you a secret. There's the prettiest Christmas tree you ever saw growing out on the lawn, and this evening it is going to walk into the parlor covered with candies and candy, and there will be presents on it for all little girls who don't cry or who can do it without making any noise."

Lucy stopped in the middle of a long yell with a suddenness that nearly wrecked her lungs, and Harriet turned her pretty, tear stained face toward Wetherell as if she had heard the voice of an angel.

The light of mischief shone in Amy's eyes.

"Go and kiss Mr. Wetherell," she said, "and tell him that he will make a lovely Santa Claus."

Wetherell took the kiss and was none the worse for it. Then he donned the coat that Amy had worn and wandered forth into the snowstorm armed with a hatchet.

When he returned with the tree, the children had been put to bed in a room upstairs to sleep till dinner time. Mrs. Williams was well under way with Deacon Dresser's turkey, and Mr. Bunker was feeding a fire in the big open fireplace in the parlor.

The room was already beginning to be warm. It was not ill furnished and surely looked its best by contrast with the storm. Wetherell drew a big chair before the fire, and it seemed to be the most comfortable chair that he had ever seen in all his life.

Bunker, whom he had brought home to dinner, and by treating him with distinguished courtesy as the guest of the occasion. He also devoted himself to Harriet, who sat beside him at her own earnest request, for the episode of the two kisses seemed to have touched her little heart.

Wetherell was witty and cheerful throughout the meal. He carved the turkey to admiration and was apparently alert to every one's needs. But in reality he felt like a man in a dream. His surroundings were strange enough, surely, but the wonder that perplexed him was in himself. Why was he bored? How could he laugh at children's nonsense and set a value upon trifles?

"It's her tact," he said to himself at last, looking across at Amy. "She is carrying this whole situation on her shoulders and has carried it from the start. If she were any other girl, I would go out and hide in a snow bank."

After the dinner came the tree, but that should be seen by a child's vision. Wetherell tried to see it that way as he watched the two little girls come into the room. They halted as soon as they had crossed the threshold and stood stock still, incapable of speech or motion—just two pairs of wide, wondering eyes. Doubtless they still saw the glittering marvel hours later when their eyes were closed in sleep.

At 9 o'clock Mrs. Williams dragged them away, protesting, though their little heads were rocking on their shoulders. Mr. Bunker went out to smoke a pipe in the kitchen. Wetherell and Amy drew chairs before the fire and sat with no other light except that from the waning tapers.

"I have been singularly happy today," said the man of the world.

"You have been singularly helpful," said she. "It is the same thing."

"I cannot quite believe it," he replied. "Of course it was to a certain extent a pleasure to do what I could for my companions in misfortune, but I'm too selfish to be much moved by it."

"If you are selfish," said she, "you have a remarkable way of showing it."

"I really am," he said. "I feel a selfish happiness at this moment. Shall I tell you why? Because I have found my way. This day has been a sort of allegory. Miss Hunt, I have for a long time been lost in a colder and more hopeless desolation than any we encountered today. I have sought one road and another and have always gone astray. What should I have done? Do you remember what I told you in the grove this afternoon?"

"You said the road would do us no good; that what we needed was shelter."

"Precisely. And it has been the same with me. The lean steeds of selfishness and petty personal ambition—mostly for money—have carried me as far as they can go, and on the wrong road. The path that I have found today leads out of the highway to shelter, a roof over my head, a home."

"Isn't it singular how fate has coerced me?" he continued. "This morning I was the loneliest, most crabbish and spoiled old rascal that ever took pleasure in being miserable. I could hardly bring myself to visit my dear old aunts, who have loved me ever since I was born. I was afraid of them, afraid of their house, afraid of the children whom they shelter in sheer goodness of heart."

"And fate looked down on me and laughed. It put me into a place where I had to go back to the natural man, to fight the cold and the storm. That was to crack the crust of artificiality. Then it loaded me with responsibilities such as I have studiously avoided. It sent you to me, and those two children whom I began by hating."

"And myself also, I fancied," said Amy.

"I was not drawn toward you, that's a fact," he rejoined. "I was afraid to accept even the responsibility of entertaining you with my cheerful conversation for a couple of hours. And what resulted? Why, to be brief about it, I have been led step by step to establish something very like a home here in the house of strangers and to celebrate the best festival of the year as one might do beneath his own roof. And I like it. In the way of humble confession, let me say that I have never been so happy before."

"I am very glad," said Amy, rising. "Shall we put out the candles on the tree?"

Phone 114

...TRY

The whole wheat berry
cooked and crushed

Boston Brown Flake

Malta Vita, Condensed Compressed Mince Meat, Snap de Batterie Syrup in glass decanters and one-half gallon cans and Fernell brand of whole fruit Peaches, Pears, white and red Cherry, Strawberry, Crabapple, Preserves is unexcelled. Our line of Fernell Canned Goods is complete and unequalled. Our Chase & Sanborn line of roasted coffees at 3, 4, 5, and 6 pound for \$1 is recognized as the standard all over the world; try them and you will use no other.

Dansby & Dansby.



What Shall I Give

MY HUSBAND, FATHER,
BROTHER, SON, OR
GENTLEMAN Friend for

Christmas?

Below we offer a few suggestions
that will help you solve this
puzzling question

Smoking Jackets
Bedroom Slippers
Silk Umbrellas
Leather Grips & Bags
Overcoats
White vests
Soft and Stiff Hats
Patent Leather Shoes
Kid Gloves
Silk Handkerchiefs
Linen Handkerchiefs
Silk Mufflers
Cuff Buttons
Scarf Pins
Watch Fobs
White Shirts
Colored Shirts
Collars & Cuffs
Outing Pajamas and
Night shirts

Besides the above we have hundreds of other useful articles that would make appropriate gifts for men.

See our Christmas Windows.

PARKS & WALDROP,

Men's Outfitters.

Mrs. L. H. Tucker has furnished rooms for rent. 12

Imported agate slop jar for \$1.75. 12

Cole Hardware Co. 14

Tickets for "The Minister's Son" are on sale at Haswell's. 12

Spot cash red letter sale all this week at Norwood's. 12

Remember, Norwood's spot cash red letter sale is now on. 12

Hot Kutter shears, razors and pocket knives, all guaranteed at Myers'. 14

Mrs. W. B. Schrimshire and children went to Millican yesterday for a visit. 12

Please do not ask for credit or memorandums during Norwood's red letter sale. 12

Mrs. L. S. Ross has returned to Waco after visiting relatives in Bryan and at College. 12

Buy you a "Perkins" turkey roaster; saves the flavor of the fowl. Cole Hardware Co. 14

Just received a fresh shipment of Huylar's pure, delicious candies for Christmas at McDougald's drug store. 16

Two unfurnished rooms for rent to couple without children. References exchanged. Apply at Exchange Shaving Parlor. 14

Miss Verna Sellers, a teacher in the Annex to the Southwestern University at Georgetown, was here yesterday en route to Millican to spend the holidays. She was accompanied by Miss Gertrude Eaves.

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There is no egg famine. You can get all the eggs you want at 22 cents per dozen. Bryan Grocery Co. 12

Mr. A. M. Rhodes, Mrs. Callie Toot and Miss Rowena Rhodes left for Weimar yesterday.

The Eagle takes pleasure in calling attention to Coulter's page advertisement in this issue. 12

For Sale Cheap.—One first-class second-hand piano. Address post office box No. 89, Bryan, Tex. 20

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Cards are out announcing

Commences
Monday
Dec...
15th
8 o'clock a.m.
1902

Norwood's

GRAND RED LETTER SLAUGHTER SALE

Closes
Wednesday
Dec...
31st
at 9:30 p.m.
1902.

Other merchants may talk of sales and great reduction in prices, but when Burt Norwood puts the knife into prices something happens that is felt all over this entire country. If Norwood does not, in every instance save you the money he says, he will quit business and "Go way back and sit down." THIS FEAST OF BARGAINS IS FOR THE RICH AND POOR ALIKE

10,000 yards of embroidery to be closed out for less than wholesale price

FOR SPOT CASH

One lot plain and fancy Capes & Skirts must go in this sale at half price.

Staples.

100 bolts Lonsdale domestic, regular price 10c, to close at.....	7c
100 pieces of choice outing, worth 10c, to close out at, per yard.....	8c
50 pieces Canton flannel, worth 10c per yard, close out at.....	7c
200 dozen bleach towels, worth 65c pair, to close out at.....	40c
25 pieces blue, grey and red skirting flannel, 10c quality, to close at 16 yards for.....	\$1.00
One lot large white counterpanes, worth \$1.50 each, will go in this sale at.....	98c
50 prs 10x4 blankets, they are warm, worth \$2.00 per pair, must go in this sale at.....	1.25
100 bolts heavy yard-wide brown domestic, worth 5c yard, but it is yours and a snap at.....	4c
40 pieces 36-inch percale, dress style, worth 10c yard, will go in this sale for.....	8c
50 pieces 12½c flannelette, nice dress style, will go in this sale at 10 yards for.....	75c
25 yds heavy brown domestic, worth \$1.25, for.....	\$1.00
25 yards good cotton flannel, worth \$1.25, for.....	1.00
33½ yards good cotton checks, worth \$1.35, for.....	\$1.00
50 pieces table linens at.....	COST



Gents' Furnishings.

25 dozen men's heavy work shirts, worth 65c, to go at.....	45c
25 dozen heavy fleeced underwear, worth \$1.25 per suit, to go at.....	75c
15 dozen men's colored shirts, the \$1.00 kind, to go at.....	50c
20 dozen boys' heavy fleeced undershirts, worth 35c, to go at.....	25c
For large men, some extra sizes in fleeced undershirts worth 65c, to go during this sale for.....	45c



We are simply overstocked on wool overshirts and to close out we have reduced the \$2.00 kind to \$1.50; the \$1.50 kind to \$1.25; the \$1.25 kind to.....

All our "Mother's Friend" boys shirt waists to go at.....

A good, extra heavy boys fleeced lined undershirt, worth 35c, to go at.....

87 men's Mannington shirts, sizes 14½, 15 and 16½, worth \$1.25 and \$1.00, to go for.....

23 boys 50c percale shirts, small sizes, go for.....

Our 12½c black Topsy sox, to go for.....

The prettiest line of suspenders in town are included in this sale.

A good extra heavy fleece lined undersuit, worth \$1.00, to go for.....

Our \$1.50 undressed kid gloves will go for.....

\$1.25

45c

25c

50c

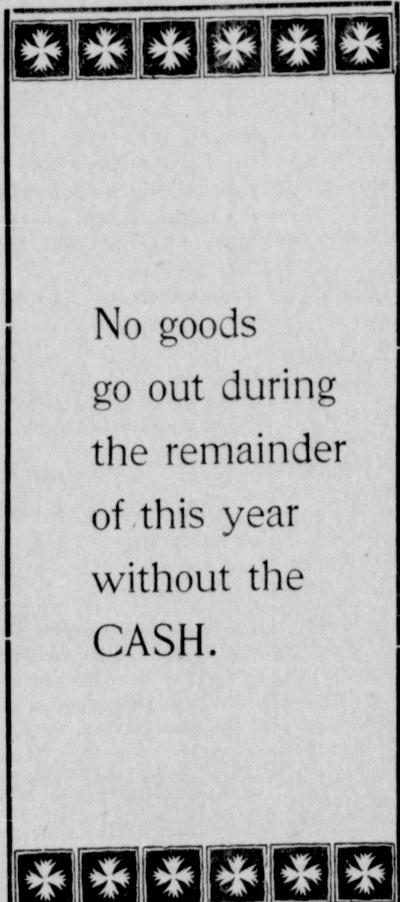
35c

8c

1.00

Ladies' Furnishings.

50 dozen ladies heavy fleece-lined bleached undershirts 35c quality..	25c
100 dozen ribbed hose for boys and girls, extra length and good quality, will be closed out per pair..	8c
50 dozen ladies bleached fleece-lined pants, 35c quality for.....	23c
25 dozen ladies heavy fleece-lined bleached vests, pearl buttons, silk front, silk tape around neck, 65c quality for.....	45c
25 dozen ladies fleece-lined unbleached vests, 35c quality for.....	23c
20 dozen ladies heavy merino fleece-lined bleached vests, 1.25 kind at 20 dozen ladies fleece-lined union suits, at per suit.....	90c
35 dozen misses and children's fleece-lined union suits, worth 35c per pair, going at.....	24c



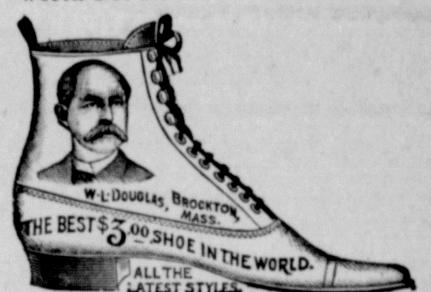
This is no fake, fire or flood sale.

We have no wet, burned or damaged goods to offer you, but a clean, honest line of seasonable merchandise at prices heretofore unheard of. We know this will make our competitors feel like 30 cents, but you need the goods and we need the money, and propose to make prices talk. Your neighbors will be here and you can not afford to miss this sale.



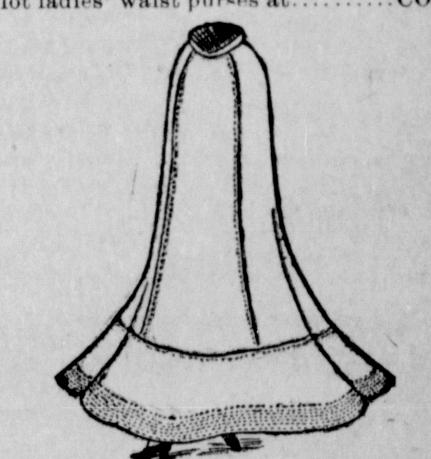
Shoes.

Two-thirds of your life is spent in your shoes. Why not buy good ones and enjoy the comforts of life. We realize your needs in this line and can suit all the family from grandpa to the baby.	49c
144 pairs child's shoes, size 5 to 8 at.....	49c
124 pairs lady's fine Sunday shoes to close at.....	\$1.00
Men's heavy winter shoes, worth 1.50 to close at.....	1.00
One lot child's soft sole shoes at.....	25c
147 pairs of good solid leather child's shoes, worth 75c to go at.....	49c
96 pairs ladies fine Sunday shoes, (small sizes) worth \$2.50 at.....	\$1.00
96 pairs of ladies fine Sunday shoes worth 1.25 to go for.....	1.00
39 pairs American Girl shoes worth \$2.50 to close for.....	2.00
Some pretty styles in American Girl shoes worth 3.50 will go for.....	2.50
28 pairs misses fine shoes in plain and pat. vici. worth \$2.50 for.....	1.75
23 pairs boys genuine box calf school shoes worth \$2 for.....	1.50
The \$1.50 kind for 1.25, the \$1.25 kind for.....	1.00
28 pairs ladies fine felt house slippers, worth 1.50 for.....	1.00



Dress Goods.

3 pieces 40-inch serge, 65c quality, at.....	48c
5 pieces granite suiting, 85c quality, at.....	68c
5 pieces brilliantines, assorted colors, 65c quality, at.....	48c
5 pieces crepecola dress goods, assorted colors, 95c quality, at.....	80c
100 pieces black dress goods, \$1.25 quality, at.....	95c
100 pieces assorted colors henrietta, 35c quality, at.....	23c
100 waist patterns, \$2.25 and \$2.50 quality, at.....	\$1.98
100 waist patterns, \$1.50 and \$1.65 quality, at.....	\$1.48
20 pieces broadcloth, \$1.00 quality, at.....	85c
25 pieces waterproof, 50c quality, at.....	45c
100 pieces heavy skirt suiting, \$1.25 and \$1.50 quality, at.....	\$1.00
200 pieces neva silk linings, 18c quality, at.....	15c
1 job lot fancy collars and ladies' ties at.....	COST
1 lot ladies' waist purses at.....	COST



Spot Cash

Clothing.

We have plunged the knife into this stock deeper than anywhere else. This stock must go.

Men's suits, \$5 kind to close out at.....	\$3.50
Men's fancy suits, good value for 7.50 to close at.....	5.00
Men's all wool \$10.00 suits in fancy checks and stripes at.....	7.50
All our men's mackintoshes to be closed out at actual cost.	
A nice line of boys pants to be closed out at.....	20c
Men's all wool Bray pants from 75c to.....	1.25
Men's jeans pants, 90c kind to close out at.....	75c
Men's all wool Cassimere pants at 1.25 and.....	1.50
Men's fancy stripes and checks, \$2.50 and 3.00 quality at.....	2.00
Boys suits, 1.50 kind to close out at \$1 and.....	75c
Men's all wool tailor made check and stripes, a good pant for \$5 to close out at.....	3.50
Boy's all wool suits in checks and stripes and navy blue, \$2 kind will go at.....	1.50
Boy's all wool suits, 2.50 and \$3 kind to sell for.....	2.00

This sale is a money saver for all who will take advantage of it.

You may wonder how we can make the above prices, but experience has taught us that it is better to close out than to carry over goods. We thank you most heartily for the liberal patronage you have given us in the past and now at the close of the year we desire to show our appreciation of same by giving you a cordial welcome to attend this, the greatest sale in the history of Bryan. Yours for a merry Christmas,

BURT NORWOOD.

SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS!

Two 'Phones 23 and 150

will be at our store where he can get everything that will tickle the human palate. Our store is loaded with good groceries for the holiday trade and we especially invite the ladies to call and inspect our stock and be convinced that the quality and prices are superior to any in Central Texas. You can't see over the telephone. Come, see and be convinced of the many good things we have to offer.

No trouble to answer questions or show you our goods

WE CALL ATTENTION TO A FEW OF THE FOLLOWING HIGHLA GOODS.

BATAVIA

One car from Batavia Preserving Co. consisting of 17,976 cans, weighing over 34,000 pounds has arrived and we offer the finest assortment of FRUITS AND VEGETABLES ever put up in a can. Batavia brand of Plum Pudding 1 and 2 lb cans at 30c and 50c; Pears, Royal Ann Cherries, Egg Plums, Crawfords Lemon Cling and White Heath Peaches, Sliced Peaches and Sliced Apricots for cream; Rolly Polly Cherries for pies; any of above fruits 35c per can; Sliced White Heath Peaches in cordial per can 40c; Preserved Red Pitted Cherries, Strawberries, Blackberries and Blueberries per can 25c; grated and sliced Pineapple put up in extra heavy syrup, especially fine for making Ambrosia; Asparagus, Asparagus Tips, Corn, Tomatoes, Stringless and Lime Beans, Early Fine and French Peas; Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkins, Beets and Okra. Every can guaranteed to be as good as can be put up; Batavia Maple Syrup guaranteed absolutely pure in quarts, one-half gallon and gallon cans and decanters; Dodson & Braun full line of Pickles, Preserves and Relishes; Batavia Catsup for Oysters.



Chef Brand

'Chef', brand of Pickled Ox Tongue, Chili Piquanto, Swedish Sodels, Koo-Koo Relish, and Pickled Pigs Feet in glass jars per jar 25cts; Boyles after dinner Cheese per jar 25cts; McLaren's Imperial Cheese; Pineapple Cheese each 65cts; Edam Cheese each \$1.00.

HOWELL BROS. Grocers and Coffee Roasters.

HEINZ'S

We carry a full assortment of Heinz's Preserves in 2, 3 and 5 pound jars any flavor per pound 25cts; Heinz Tomato Chutney per bottle 35cts; Heinz Mustard Dressing per bottle 20cts; Heinz's Chow-Chow, Pearl Onions, Celery Sauce, evaporated Horse Radish, Sweet Gherkins, sweet and sour midgets India Relish, Mustard, Tabasco Pepper Sauce, Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce, etc. These goods will have to be tried to be appreciated—The finest produced. Cross and Blackwell's pickled Walnuts and Chow-Chow, Dunkley's Celery Salad per bottle 35cts; Raes olive oil absolutely pure; Pin-Money pickles.

Peak, Frean & Co's Imported Wayfers and Sandwiches; Florence & Venice Wayfers per pound 50cts; Milk Wayfers, Cafe Noir and Cream Sandwiches per pound 35cts; We carry in stock a full assortment of Dozier Bakery products.

Knox, Cox & Nelson Gelatines; Tryphosa, Bromangelon and Imperial table Jelly any flavor.

BLANKE'S

Blanke's Candy fine assortment per pound 35cts; shelled Pecans, shelled Almonds, Brazil Nuts, Filberts, Almonds, English Walnuts, and soft shelled Pecans, Oranges, Apples, Bananas, etc.

Local News

Albert Harbers went to Calvert yesterday.

Wiley Kelley was a visitor to the city yesterday.

Please, Mr. Weather Clerk, give Santa Claus a chance.

Jim Dodd of Iola, was here yesterday en route to Beeville.

Pictures, statuary, fine perfumery, etc. at Hall's drug store. 13

Mrs. J. G. Gregg returned yesterday from Muldoon, Texas.

Found—All kinds Christmas presents at Myers' Hardware store. 14

Sets of white and decorated China sold in any size; see them at Myers'. 14

J. W. Leigh has returned from Longview and says East Texas is thriving.

Dolls, doll carriages, doll beds, furniture and trunks. Read's drug store. 14

We can please you in any kind of Christmas present. Don't delay. Wilson & Jenkins. 14

Prof. J. M. Oneal left yesterday to spend Christmas at Ft. Worth and Breckenridge.

Ed Pochila has reopened his sausages stand at Chas. Vesnirovski's saloon. 15

Miss Lillie Reed, who has been here attending school, returned to Mumford for the holidays.

Bryan's wholesale grocery house is building up a nice trade under the management of Mr. R. M. Gordon.

If undecided what to give your husband for a Christmas present call on us, we have it. Cole Hardware Co. 14

Capt. J. J. Adams returned from Wellborn and Millican yesterday, where he had very fair success collecting taxes.

It would be a strange sight to see fresh vegetables hanging on a Christmas tree, but Brazos county is in shape to put them there.

People who imagined all the negroes were leaving the country probably changed their minds if they tried to navigate the streets yesterday.

Misses Lilian and Nan Parks have returned from Cuero and Brenham. While in Cuero they attended the wedding of their schoolmate, Miss Hunter, as bridesmaids.

A Wooly Subject.

"Mary Had a Little Lamb" etc. Now, if Mary hadn't loved that lamb, but had lammed her love instead. That Chestnut poem wouldn't exist and you would not have read so much about wool, all wool, free wool, Australian wool, lambs wool, dear wool, cheap wool and woolly wool.

But it pays to study this wool question just the same, for we have put some very small prices on big wool blankets. We have them that are all wool, good wool, cheap wool, and some that's no wool at all.

Prices 50c a pair up. Webb Bros. 11

The Shakespeare club's magazines which they placed with different dry goods houses of the city to be given out to the country people and other applicants, have all been given out except about twenty-five at Webb Bros.' store. These magazines, or many of them at least, will fall into the hands of people to whom they will be quite a boon. It is vastly better to dispose of them this way than to allow them to accumulate about one's premises and finally be consigned to the trash heap to be burned up. There is no telling the ultimate good that may result in the case of some bright-minded boy or girl, who will get a taste for learning through the reading of these books.

An advance notice says: There is a spontaneity, a freshness about the scenes and characters in the "Minister's Son" apparent from the moment the curtain rises in the first act, which has a melting effect on the cynic. Frills, roundabout methods and worn out mannerisms do not abide in this production. A quiet, restful atmosphere pervades the piece, and it follows one from the theatre into the street. As a comedian Mr. W. B. Patton is no less pleasing than peculiar and original, and that he possesses originality none who have seen him doubt.

Opera house Tuesday, Dec. 30.

I sell the famous German Imported Enamel Ware, fresh lot just received, prices are right. Myers, the Hot Kutter. 14

Miss Gussie Friley arrived yesterday from Mexia to spend Christmas with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Friley.

An early visit to the big spot cash red letter sale will convince you that Norwood's is the place to buy. 12

House for rent January 1. Apply to Mrs. C. B. Winter. 17

A few dozen nice chickens at \$2.00 per dozen. Bryan Grocery Co. 12

Berry sets, fruit sets and fine china of all kinds at Hall's drug store. 13

The Bryan Grocery Co. is selling chickens while they last at \$2.00 per dozen. 12

J. W. Brown and James Brown of Travis county, are here to spend Christmas. 13

Mrs. Fannie Simpson and children of Mangum, Ok., arrived yesterday on a visit to relatives. 13

Do not tell your wife you forgot to buy anything for her until everything was gone. She is not expecting much from you.

If you haven't inspected our immense lines of holiday goods, see them. We keep only the best. Wilson & Jenkins. 14

The stands are so thick on Main street that the juvenile merchants can almost make change with each other without moving out of their tracks.

Now is your chance to buy fine China, Cut Glass, Pictures, Bric-a-Brac, etc. Don't allow this opportunity to pass you. Wilson & Jenkins. 14

The Meteor will have a morning paper when the railroad gets here, and in order to do this we are making arrangements to attach steam power to our presses.—Madisonville Meteor.

J. V. Brogdon, who has just returned from Stamford, Jones county, says that county is in a very prosperous condition, but the future of the town is threatened some by the Orient railroad which passes about fifteen miles west of the town and will cut off a large amount of trade.

Don't Skip a Line of This Ad.

All our \$1.25 Wool waists to close at 75c.

All our 1.50 Wool waists to close at \$1.25.

All our \$2.00 Wool waists to close at \$1.50.

All our \$2.50 Wool waists to close at \$1.75.

All our \$3.00 and \$3.50 Wool waists to close at \$2.25.

All our \$3.50 Silk waists \$2.50.

All our \$5.00 Silk waists, no old goods \$3.75.

All our \$6.50 Silk waists, no old goods \$5.00.

Webb Bros. 11

Seawall Carnival at Galveston.

Special rates via the H. & T. C.: For trains passing Bryan Dec. 16 at 2:00 p. m. and 4:16 p. m., and Dec. 17 at 2:24 a. m. fare \$1 round trip. Limit for return not later than train leaving Galveston 8:25 p. m. Dec. 18.

For trains passing Bryan Dec. 19 at 2:00 p. m. and 4:16 p. m., and Dec. 20 at 2:24 a. m. fare \$1 round trip. Limit for return not later than train leaving Galveston 8:25 p. m. Dec. 21.

W. S. Wilson, Agt.

H. & T. C. Holiday Rates.

On Dec. 13, 17, 21, 22, 23 and 26 the Houston and Texas Central Railroad will sell round trip tickets to points in the north, east and southeast at rate of one fare plus \$2.00, with limit for return thirty days from date of sale. Through standard Pullman sleepers Denison to New Orleans via Houston, and direct connections with all lines diverging. Oil burners—no dust, smoke or cinders. Why not travel comfortably, it's just as cheap. Write for further particulars to M. L. Robbins, G. P. T. A. Houston, Texas.

S. P. Holiday Rates.

Rates to the old states are lower, service more perfect than ever before. Dec. 13, 17, 21, 22, 23, and 26 the Southern Pacific—Sunset Route—will sell round trip tickets to points in the north, east and southeast at rate of one fare plus \$2, with limit for return thirty days from date of sale. Double daily service, Pullman buffet and excursion sleeping cars, free chair cars and day coaches. Direct connection at New Orleans both east and west bound. Write and let us know your objective point. We will be glad to quote rate, furnish schedule and any additional information you may desire.

M. L. Robbins, G. P. A., Houston, Texas.

Beautiful Building Site.

For sale, five and a half lots, 160 feet front on College street, east side, near new residence of R. S. Webb. A big bargain. Terms easy.

1-1 Cliff A. Adams, Agt.

Blank Books for 1903.

Now is the time to order Blank Books for 1903. We are local agents for the M. P. Exline Co., manufacturing stationers, lithographers and Blank Book makers, Dallas, Texas. We are prepared to take your order for anything in the way of office stationery, whether made to order or from regular stock. We also sell desks and office furniture.

The Bryan Eagle.

ANNOUNCEMENT 1902-03

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE
Effective Nov. 15

NEW ORLEANS to PACIFIC Coast

Southern Pacific

(SUNSET ROUTE)

SUNSET LIMITED

Every day of the week; superb service; compartment, observation and dining cars; day coaches and chair cars.

Pacific Coast Express

Daily; day coaches; chair cars; Pullman sleepers and dining cars; meals a la carte; excursion sleeping cars through from Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and New Orleans.

S. F. MORSE,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

M. L. ROBBINS,
Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

T. J. ANDERSON,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

J. L. McNUTT & BROTHER handle the High Grade of

Pianos and Organs

and will give you the right kind of prices and terms—They sell STECK, ESTEY and ADAM SCHAAF PIANOS and the famous FERAND ORGAN. Call or address

J. L. McNutt & Bro.,
JOE WREN, Local Agent.
Bryan, Texas.

We furnish or repair everything.

STEVENSON MACHINE & REPAIR COMPANY, Bryan, Texas.

HOLIDAY *Announce ment*

Our stock of Holiday Goods for this season is so much more extensive than formerly, we are compelled to abandon our FORMAL HOLIDAY OPENING for this season and beg to announce that our entire lines--superior in beauty, art and designs to any we have displayed in the past is now awaiting your inspection and we extend to everyone a most cordial welcome to come and see our beautiful displays. We will have distributed at your door tomorrow our mammoth announcement sheet; read it; it will interest all buyers of HOLIDAY Goods.

Phone 20 WILSON & JENKINS

THE DAILY EAGLE.

Entered at the postoffice as second Class mail matter.

BY CONNELLY & CARNES.

Per Week, 15c. - Per Month, 40c.

Germany's actions do not fit in very well with her professed intentions.

The Kaiser and his uncle Edward are having lots of fun down in South America, and give the impression, by their unintelligible antics, that their Christmas jag began early.

The extent to which Henry Watterson's editorials are influencing public affairs now-a-days is remarkable. Though past the age at which most men begin to decline, his influence grows greater all the while.

The use of poisons as a method of fighting the boll weevil is discouraged by the executive committee of the boll weevil convention. Experience sustains the position taken. Cultural methods are recommended.

"A big jump in kerosene" is the way the latest rise in the price of kerosene is announced in a special dispatch in yesterday's papers, bearing a New York date line. Petroleum products have been rising rapidly of late, and this latest advance is a cent per gallon—more than eleven per cent advance on the former price.

The Texas law in regard to gathering pecans upon enclosed lands reads as follows: "Any person who shall hereafter gather any pecan nuts upon the enclosed land not owned, leased or controlled by him, unless it be made to appear in defense that it was done by the consent of the owner, lessor or person in control, or any person who shall cut, destroy or injure any pecan timber upon land not his own, unless it was done with the consent of the owner thereof, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than \$5 and not more than \$300, or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than three months, or both such fine and imprisonment."

HARRIS HANGED.

He Pays the Extreme Penalty on the Scaffold at Paris.

Paris, Tex., Dec. 20.—John Harris, colored, who was convicted in the district court of Lamar county Oct. 27 of the murder of City Marshal Ben Hill of Blossom on Oct. 18, was hanged between 12 and 1 o'clock Friday afternoon.

Before the cap was adjusted Harris faced east, and addressing a large crowd in Main street, who were visible over the high plank wall, he shouted to them to take warning from his fate. He said that whiskey and gambling had brought him there and that he hoped all boys, white and black, would shun those evils. After his arms and feet were pinioned he shouted that he was going home to rest and that he was proud of it.

The trap was sprung by Sheriff Carpenter at 12:23, and from the time that he reached the end of the rope until the body was cut down there was not the faintest movement of a muscle. His neck was broken and the execution was a faultless piece of work. The doctors pronounced him dead in sixteen minutes. The body was turned over to his mother and carried to her home near Blossom for burial.

Marshal Hill was endeavoring to preserve order at a negro festival when he met his death at Harris' hands.

THIRTY TESTIFIED.

They Told Tales of Alleged Boycotts, Intimidation and Other Acts.

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 20.—Non-union men, some of their relatives and others to the number of thirty appeared before the anthracite coal strike commission Friday and told stories of alleged boycotts, intimidations, dynamiting, and violence in various forms during the late strike. The first witnesses called was a sufferer at the hands, they alleged, of union men. Four witnesses said attempts were made to blow up their houses; one house was badly damaged, many of the witnesses were threatened with bodily harm; several were beaten. One was shot in the leg, and stoned, boycotted or hanged in effigy. Frank McCarty, a school teacher, testified to having lost his position because his father did not strike. One, Dugan, was requested to give up his membership in a Catholic society, but he remained on duty on repair work. He wept while on the witness stand as he told of how they ordered him to leave. He was very active in the society and drilled many of those who have grown to manhood in the military branches of the society. He said he had been stoned and otherwise ill treated, and added that a good clubbing would not have hurt half as much as the action of the society in throwing him out of the order.

RICE MEN.

Board of Directors Hold a Meeting at Crowley, La.

Crowley, La., Dec. 20.—The board of directors of the Rice Association of America met in Crowley Friday afternoon to transact routine business and make final arrangements for the annual meeting of the association, which takes place in Houston, Tex., on Jan. 10. Everything was reported prosperous.

The committee appointed to arrange a programme and attend to other matters in connection with the annual meeting at Houston consists wholly of Texas rice men, as follows: D. L. Evans, L. N. Tray, W. C. Moore, S. B. Morse of Houston; J. B. Broussard of Beaumont, B. L. Vineyard of Eagle Lake. The Southern Pacific company has agreed to give reduced rates to this meeting.

A Chicago department store will inaugurate a rice kitchen. There will also be a larger one at the St. Louis World's fair.

BRYANS IN TEXAS.

The Family of the Nebraska Guests of Friends at Leander.

Austin, Dec. 20.—Mrs. Bryan, wife of Colonel W. J. Bryan, accompanied by their three children, arrived here Friday morning from Lincoln, Neb. Owing to the death of Mr. Hunter, brother of Mrs. E. M. House, they did not become the guests of the latter, but spent the day with Mrs. Bayars at the executive mansion and proceeded to Leander, a short distance north of here on the Houston and Texas central, where they will visit Mrs. Walker, wife of Judge Alex Walker. Colonel Bryan is en route.

Great Irrigation Scheme.

Laredo, Tex., Dec. 20.—A special from Monterey, Mex., says a company, headed by Governor Caramez of the state of Coahuila, has concluded arrangements for the inauguration of one of the greatest irrigation schemes ever projected in Mexico. The company has purchased a semi-arid body of land comprising 34,000 acres, surrounding the mining Viesca and propose to put the entire tract under cultivation. Water for this purpose will be secured from natural springs.

An Option Secured.

Laredo, Tex., Dec. 20.—Special advice received here from Monterey, Mex., says: The Guggenheim Exploration company has secured an option on the famous Avino silver and copper mines near Durango. The price demanded by the present owners, principally London capitalists, is understood to be \$6,000,000 silver. Only recently \$3,000,000 worth of machinery has been installed on this property. If the Guggenheims take the company over, it is thought they will do so within a few weeks.

Given Twenty-Five Years.

Bethel, Tex., Dec. 20.—John Connell, on trial here charged with killing his father, was given twenty-five years in the penitentiary.

POWELL'S NEW YORK

Chocolate Creams and Bon Bons

Fresh Shipment.

EMMEL'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY.

SERVICEABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN AND BOYS



We have just replenished our stock with a complete line of HOLIDAY GOODS comprising all that's new, beautiful and excellent in

MEN'S AND BOYS' FURNISHING ...GOODS...

Whatever's wearable is givable and acceptable for a Christmas present and if you are in search of a gift for Grandfather, Father, Uncle, Husband, Son, Brother or some other girl's brother, you are welcome to inspect our line, and had better begin now while you can trade more leisurely. Our prices are within the reach of the most modest purse : : : : : We offer a few hints to help you make a selection

INITIAL WATCH FOBS at..... 75c

FANCY SILK SUSPENDERS, new designs, 50c to..... 1.50

INITIAL SILK HAND-KERCHIEFS, white hem stitched 25c and 50c

HOLIDAY NECKWEAR, all the new shapes, 25c to..... 1.00

DRESS GLOVES or Street Gloves 50c to... 1.50

SILK MUFFLERS and Handkerchiefs 25c to..... 2.00

SWELL HALF-HOSE, plain and fancy effects 25c to..... 75c

HOLIDAY JEWELRY —Cuff Button, Collar Buttons, Scarf Pins, etc., 25c to..... 1.00

UMBRELLAS, swell line, \$1 to..... \$10

WHITE AND FANCY VESTS, latest styles, \$1.50 to..... 3.50

SUIT CASES, imitation leather \$1.40 to \$2, all leather \$4 to..... \$10

REGENT SHOES \$3.50 and..... \$4

Besides these mentioned above we have many other choice plums for your Christmas pie, come and see.

HUNTER & CHATHAM,
Men's and Boys Furnishers.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT



**Chase & Sanborn's
SEAL BRAND
JAVA AND MOCHA**

THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

When you drink SEAL BRAND you drink the best the world's market affords.

Besides this we handle

Chase & Sanborn's roasted choice Java and Mocha at 3 lbs for.....	\$1.00
Chase & Sanborn's roasted Rosada, 4 lbs for.....	1.00
Chase & Sanborn's roasted Peaberry, 4 lbs for.....	1.00
Chase & Sanborn's roasted Altura, 5 lbs for.....	1.00
Chase & Sanborn's roasted Bear Rio, 6 lbs for.....	1.00

These goods are exceptional values for the money and we feel safe in saying if you will try them once you will use no other.

We have just received a fresh shipment of Dozier Bakery fancy cakes, crackers, cheese straws, cheese sandwiches, etc.; grated cocoanut, Baker's chocolates, Cox gelatine, 2 packages for 25c, tryposa, etc. Our Christmas candies—more than 500 lbs. Blanke's best assortment.

To make a complete success of your Christmas dinner send us your order. Prompt attention and courteous treatment.

DANSBY & DANSBY,

Telephone Number **114.**

Local News

Don't call it Xmas.
Shetland floss in all colors at Norwood's. 12
Mechanical toys of all kinds. Read's drug store. 14
Christmas shopping will be at its zenith tomorrow.
Tool chests, air rifles—knives for the boys. Reads drug store. 14
Miss Beatrice Hearne returned home from school at Austin yesterday.
Mrs. Hostrasser returned to Hearne yesterday after a shopping trip to Bryan.

A feast for bargain hunters is now on at Norwood's spot cash red letter sale. 12

Ed Pochila, the boss sausage maker, can be found at Vesmirovsky's saloon. 15

Mrs. L. B. Mendola went to Dallas yesterday to spend Christmas in that city.

The I. & G. N. pay car arrived in time to fix the railroad boys for Christmas.

Judge John N. Henderson, of the court of criminal appeals, is at home to spend Christmas.

Farm lands 5 and 6 miles from Bryan, for sale or to exchange for town property. T. J. Preston. 35

Prof. Kieth of Harvey, passed through Bryan yesterday enroute to Cookville, to spend Christmas at home.

For the lowest prices on holiday goods go to Hall's drug store, where you will find a handsome assortment. 13

Don't send a man who frequents the first row of seats in the opera house, a comb and brush for a Christmas present.

Wanted.—Every lady in Bryan to examine our carving sets, scissors and shears. Every one guaranteed. Cole Hardware Co. 14

Don't buy an expensive present for your husband and have it charged to him. The recoil will come right on top of the good resolutions of the New Year.

A great many of our farmers are going to plant less cotton and more corn, grain, potatoes, hogs, mules and cattle. We see where they are right.—Madisonville Meteor.

12 W. Z. Nabors.

No Relics of By-Gone Days.

We did not carry over a Jacket from last season and don't want to have a Jacket in our house when stock-taking time comes, so we have cut the prices on all our Ladies Jackets.

All our \$7.50 Jackets quick sale price \$5.50.

All our \$8.50 Jackets quick sale price \$6.00.

All our \$10.00 Jackets quick sale price \$7.50.

All our \$12.50 Jackets quick sale price \$8.75.

All our \$15.00 Jackets quick sale price \$10.50.

Remember every Jacket we show is this season's style. Not an old style Jacket in the lot.

11 Webb Bros.

Messrs. M. J. R. Jackson of this city and Eb A. Berry, late of the law firm of Doremus, Butler & Berry of Bryan, have formed a partnership for the practice of law, and will have connection with the firm of Ball, Dean & Humphrey, of Huntsville. These two young men are energetic and reliable, and will prove a strong team.—Madisonville Meteor.

Judge V. B. Hudson in conversation with the Eagle reporter, says while there is some complaint at Bryan this fall regarding business being dull, yet there is no comparison between Bryan and some of all the towns north of us. He says Bryan is the busiest and most prosperous town he has visited this fall.

Marlin business men have organized a Cannery and Manufacturing company and have asked for bids on machinery for a plant of 3000 or 4000 cans daily capacity. They are going to help along the truckers and diversificationists in the right way.

Regular services today at the Christian church, morning and evening. Subject 11 a.m., "A Precious Message." 7:15 p.m., "The Man." The children will practice for Christmas exercises at 2 p.m. A welcome to all. Jewell Howard, Pastor.

Don't rub out the price mark on the present before sending it. Just add another figure. It will look much better.

I am leading all of them in the sale of cook stoves. Buy your wife a Bucks' or Darling. Myers, the Hot Kutter.

Pigeons Wanted:—About 250 live pigeons wanted by Christmas.

12 W. Z. Nabors.

The prettiest line of china in sets or pieces at Read's drug store. 14

All the eggs you want at 22 cents per dozen. Bryan Grocery Co. 12

Oil prospecting has been renewed in the region of Lamb Springs, Grimes county, at a livelier rate than ever before.

The Madisonville business league is growing rapidly. It is one of the best things the town could have done.—Meteor.

Win McMillan, formerly of North Grimes, was in the city yesterday. He has been spending a number of years in West Texas.

Some mischief loving party or parties kept the officers chasing up and down the street Friday night, by exploding cannon crackers, first at one end of the street and then at the other. The officers have arranged now to beat that game and it had best not be repeated, or somebody will have a fine to pay.

We are offering some tempting prices on Mens Wool Underwear and guarantee the shirts after they are washed to fit you and not the baby. All wool \$2.00 suits in white, blue or tan, now \$1.65.

All wool \$3.00 suits in white, blue and tan, now \$2.25.

We have a lot of odds and ends in shirts and drawers that we will sell at any old price.

11 Webb Bros.

"The Minister's Son," well remembered by Bryan theatre-goers on account of the personality of the peculiar comedian, Mr. W. B. Patton, will be seen for the second time in Bryan at the opera house Tuesday, December 30. Mr. Patton met with a cordial reception upon the occasion of his first visit to Bryan, and there is every reason to believe his coming appearance will be even more successful. Mr. Patton has a strong company.

11 Petticoats.

LADIES—We offer the following petticoats at less than cost of material:

Lot 1—Ladies mercerized petticoats all colors with 2 ruffles, full width, former price \$1.00 now 75c.

Lot 2—Better quality, mended satine big value at \$1.50. Quick sale price \$1.10.

Our \$2.00 and \$2.50 petticoats are beautiful designs and exclusive styles, made of the finest mercerized satine, beautifully trimmed, in ruffles and open work, your choice for \$1.50 and \$1.75.

11 Webb Bros.

Our line of Ferndale pure food goods have just arrived and we are showing the finest line of Canned goods ever brought to Bryan; every can grown and packed in 1902. No old stock carried over.

Ferndale Singar Corn per can.....	12½c
Ferndale Tomatoes per can.....	10c
Ferndale extra superfine sifted Peas per can	16½c
Ferndale extra stringless Beans per can.....	20c
Ferndale extra lima Beans per can.....	15c
Ferndale baked Beans in Tomato Sauce 1 lb can.....	10c
Ferndale baked Beans in Tomato Sauce 2 lb can.....	15c
Ferndale Asparagus Tips.....	25c
Ferndale whole Asparagus selected.....	35c
Ferndale Rolly Polly Red Pitted Cherries.....	35c
Ferndale sliced lemon cling Peaches.....	35c
Ferndale sliced white Heath Peaches.....	35c
Ferndale Bartlett Pears.....	35c
Ferndale Sliced Pineapple.....	30c
Ferndale Grated Pineapple.....	30c
Ferndale Grated Pineapple 1 lb can.....	15c
Ferndale extra fancy Strawberries.....	25c
Ferndale Maple syrup ½ gallon can.....	75c
Ferndale Maple syrup in glass decanter.....	50c
Ferndale Evaporated Cream.....	15c



ALL GROCERS WILL TELL YOU they have good Coffee; many grocers will tell you they have something "just as good," but no merchant will look you straight in the eye and say he has anything better than

CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE.



I. & G. N. excursion Rates.

Galveston, Texas.—The great Sea Wall Carnival, Dec. 15 to 20. Special excursion rates and arrangements will be announced later.

Holiday Excursions.—Our Christmas Holiday Excursions will cover a very large territory this year. Rate one fare plus \$2 for round trip. Sell tickets Dec. 13, 17, 21, 22, 23 and 26. Limit 30 days for return. Tickets will be on sale to points in the southeast (old states), to Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Colorado and Mexico. Note the early selling dates and low rates.

Call on I. & G. N. ticket agents for complete information. Write us regarding your Christmas trip and we will furnish full particulars, cost of ticket, train time, etc.

D. J. Price, G. P. & T. A., L. Trice, 2nd V. P. & G. M., Palestine, Texas

Low Round-Trip Rates to the Old States

Round-trip tickets will be sold via the Houston and Texas Central on Dec. 13th, 17th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 26th at rate of one fare, plus \$2.00 with limit for return thirty days from date of sale. A trip via this route to the north, east or southeast will take you through the oil, rice and sugar belt of Texas and Louisiana. Direct connection at Houston with the Southern Pacific which line also makes direct connection at New Orleans with all lines.

On Dec. 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 31st, 1902, and January 1st, 1903, round trip tickets will be sold at reduced rates to all points in Texas and to all points in Texas and to certain points in Louisiana, limited to January 3rd for return.

Write for descriptive literature and rates to T. J. Anderson, A. G. P. and T. A., M. L. Robbins, G. P. and T. A., Houston, Texas.

The Texas and Pacific Holiday Rates.

The territory to which excursion tickets for the holidays will be sold has been considerably widened. In addition to the usual sale of tickets to points in the Southeastern States, the T. & P. Railway company will also sell round trip tickets to principal points in Mexico, Colorado, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin. The rate will be one first-class fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip and tickets may be purchased December 13th, 17th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 26th, good to return within thirty days from date of sale.

Further information regarding

THE TEXAS RAILROAD.

I. & G. N.

Texas' Greatest Railroad.

SUPERIOR PASSENGER SERVICE.

MAGNIFICENT EQUIPMENT.

International & Great Northern.

SEE OUR AGENTS, OR WRITE.

L. Trice, 2nd V. P. & G. M.

D. J. Price, G. P. &

MOTTO FOR 1902

USE THE

Houston & Texas Central

It taps the best Section of Texas and Reaches

EVERY CITY OF IMPORTANCE

FREE

CHAIR

CARS

AND

THROUGH

SLEEPERS

DALLAS, AUSTIN, WACO, FT. WORTH, DENISON, HOUSTON, CORSICANA.

S. F. B. MORSE, T. J. ANDERSON, M. L. ROBBINS, Pass. Traf. Mgr. *<est. Gen. Pass. Agt.*

Gen. Pass & Tkt. Agt.

rates, through service sleepers, free seats in chair cars, etc., may be had from any railroad ticket agent or through correspondence with H. P. Hughes, traveling passenger agent, Fort Worth, Texas, or E. P. Turner, G. P. & T. A., T. & P. Railway Co., Dallas, Texas. d&w-Dec. 18

GUY HUNT'S

Shaving Parlor!

Hair Cut 25c, Shave 15c, next door to D. B. Knox.

ALL WHITE BARBERS.

COULTER



Underskirts.

New line Petticoats—bright, pretty mercerized goods—accordeon pleats three ruffles, etc., etc., a regular 1.50 garment, all lengths, \$1.25

Also big line sample Petticoats, in black mercerized sattein, as shown in cut, regular 2.00 value for \$1.50

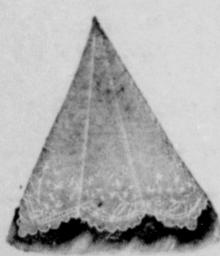
3



Overcoats.

Like cut, I have the full back, long coat, as shown in cut, in best black melton, a swell, nobby coat, 12.50 \$10.00

6



Handkerchiefs.

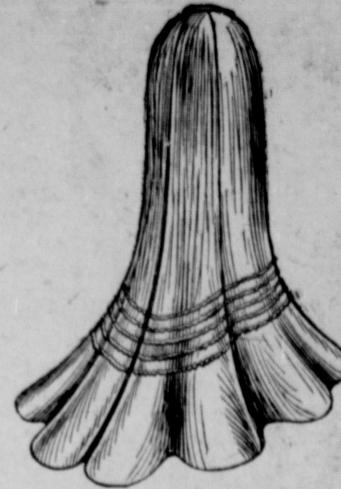
A full line of 25c and 35c embroidered handkerchiefs, drummers samples, very neat and a snap at..... 19c

9



Shoes.

I have made special effort in children's shoes. I have a plump, kid girl's shoe, [Music] lace, Coin toe, spring heel, regular 1.50 goods, at.. \$1.25



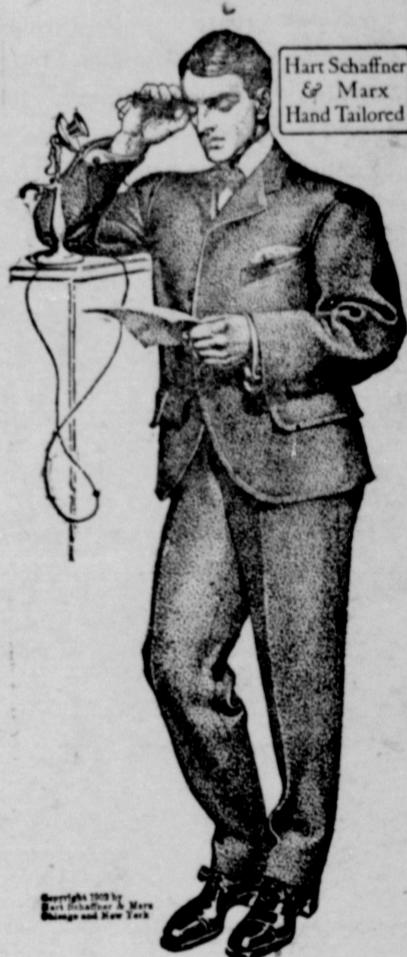
Dress Skirts.

What would be nicer for sister or mother than a nice skirt.

Like cut, all wool cheviot, 3 bands around skirt, excellent quality, a nice, dressy skirt, regular 6.50 \$4.75

Grey skirt, pretty slot seam skirt, neatly made, clinging effect, new grey effect, best quality, worth 7.50 \$5.00

5



Men's Suits.

Hart Schaffner & Marx suit, like cut, in black and pretty dark green, swell, nobby suits to sell..... \$16.00

7

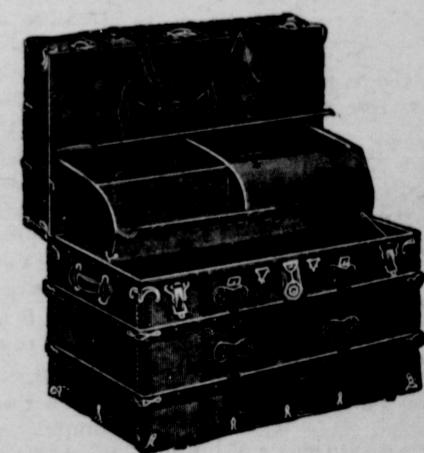


Boys Clothing.

Boys Christmas suits make a boy feel like a new man.

Special—A special 3.50 dark green cheviot suit, knee pants, double breasted, Christmas price..... \$2.50

Nice line boys Norfolk suits in worsteds and cassimeres..... \$2.50



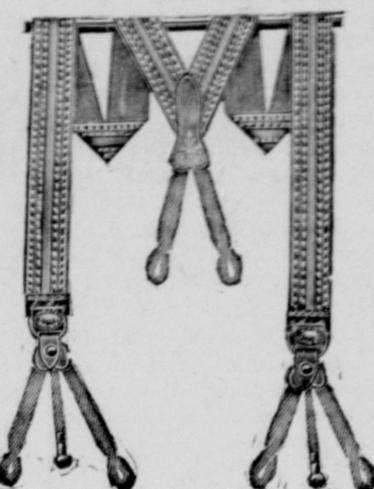
Trunks.

Solid leather dress suit cases, regular 5.00 values, to sell..... \$3.50

Car load of trunks sell from 1.50 to \$16.00

CHRISTMAS BUYING AT COULTER'S

4



Suspenders.

I have the largest line of suspenders in Bryan.

Genuine Guyott suspenders in neat stripes and dots, to sell..... 50c

Silk, non-elastic, white leather ends..... 50c

Elastic, President make, late and up to date, very swell, to sell..... 50c

WALTER J. COULTER

...Bryan, Texas...



ENCOURAGING WORDS.

The Houston Chronicle on the Progress of the World.

The following timely review of events by the Houston Chronicle shows an intimate acquaintance by the writer with the affairs and conditions of the day, and an optimistic view of the developments of the near future in America:

"There is no doubt that we in America live in the country of the greatest productiveness of the world. We make enough food and clothes and things of every sort to satisfy not only our own needs, but the needs of a large part of Europe. Our problem is in gross, not a problem of lack, but a problem of plenty. Where we fall short is in the distribution of what we have, not an easy problem, but an easier problem than the problem of those who have not, under which so many nations of the world have groaned."

In fact, we have perfected the machinery of production and of commerce to such an extent that the largeness of the output has proved our greatest difficulty. This is not because it is large, but because it tends to become concentrated in a few hands. The captains of industry, from their positions in the vanguard, take the greater portion of the spoil, while the soldiers of industry, who march in the rear, although they form the line of battle, do not get their equitable share in the distribution of the stuff.

All this will be changed. We are living in an age of transition. Just as in America the problem of politics has been solved, so that in government each man has an equal voice and before the law every man is equal, so in industry, in time, the laborer will get his full hire and the worker will get his wages in fair proportion to what he produces. Profits will in time come to be regarded not as pelf and piratical plunder, but as the due of the real producer.

When this problem is solved, and its solution is near at hand, as we have just propounded it to ourselves, and Americans accomplish what they propose to accomplish, progress along intellectual and spiritual lines will advance by leaps and bounds. What Americans have accomplished already in religion, art and literature with the handicap of a sadly imperfect industrial system, is marvelous. We have freedom of religious belief and worship. We have artists who paint pictures which connoisseurs are glad to hang in the most famous galleries of Europe. We have writers whose books are the glory of our country. These artists and writers will grow into an army beyond the Augustan, Italian or Elizabethan ages of art and literature and anything ever achieved by any renaissance, once the surplus energy which is now absorbed in industry and commerce in America is released by the prevention of waste by the perfecting of our industrial and commercial systems."

Under date of December 13, 1902, the Scientific American issued a special number devoted to the subject of "Transportation on Land and Sea." This number comprised fifty-two pages of matter included within a handsome colored cover, and had an enormous circulation reaching all quarters of the globe. It is safe to say that anyone that reads it carefully through will find himself thoroughly posted, both as to the magnitude and high quality of our railroads and shipping. The Scientific American has its own characteristic way of presenting what some people might call dry statistical matter in an interesting form, and the present number is no exception to the rule. Both artist and editor have collaborated to certainly very good effect, and we believe the number has met everywhere with a hearty reception.

Occupation Taxes.

All parties who have not paid occupation taxes must call and settle same at once, as I will be unable to leave my office hereafter on account of collecting taxes. C. M. Spell, City Secretary.

Farm for Rent.

In the Brazos bottom, 175 or 185 acres; convenient to railroad. Will rent cheap. Apply to "G," lock box 90, Bryan, Texas. 12

Refurbish your kitchen with agate and zinc imported cooking utensils while our holiday prices are on. Cole Hardware Co. 14

Stranglers of PARIS

How a Daring Gang of Criminals Has Terrified the Capital of France

N EARLY every Parisian of any position carries a revolver. Newcomers have a tendency to scoff at the precaution. Scarcely a month ago such a one, a much traveled Englishman named Evendale, got himself murdered as a consequence.

"I have lived ten years in the wildest sections of the United States," said Evendale in a cafe, "and never carried a revolver, knife or other weapon."

"You could not do it in Paris without risking your life each night you walked home late," answered his French friends.

They particularized.

"None of us would dare go on foot from Grenelle to Montrouge, for example, after 10 p.m. unless we were disguised in laborers' clothes."

Evendale left the cafe. The next morning his companions were horrified to read that his body had been found in



THE THONG TIGHTENED ON THE MAN'S NECK.

the trench beneath the fortifications at the extremity of the Montreuil quarter. His pockets had been turned out, his shoes and coat removed, and tight around his neck was found a thin leather thong that had been used to strangle him. So do the stranglers of Paris finish off their work—when necessary!

The courageous Englishman had obviously put the assertions of his French friends to the test. He went seeking danger in a workingman's section extending from the southern center of Paris to the limits of the city proper, but he might have readily found it nearer his cafe. To get killed the essential thing was that he should have struggled. He struggled. Then the stranglers pulled the strangling foulard, or, as it proved in this case, a leather thong, so much the harder.

Paris is the one great city of the civilized world in which illusions like that to the "coup de Pere Francois" (the stroke orfeat of Father Francis, or, as might be said, the graft of Uncle Frank) is joked about and understood of the whole population.

A friend of the writer, a young and vigorous Parisian, played the part of victim in the "coup de Pere Francois" on the full avenue of the Champs Elysees one night a few weeks ago, and he had his revolver in his pocket at the moment.

Walking beneath the horse chestnut trees that grace the central promenade of Paris in ease and elegance one balmy starlit night at 2 a.m., he meditated on the beauty of the scene and the complications of his situation. He had been offered a government place in Indo-China and throughout the week had been uncertain whether or not to accept it. Suddenly he came to a decision. "Paris is good enough for me," he murmured with enthusiasm.

At this moment two hard looking citizens came walking briskly toward him from the opposite direction. One stopped and abruptly asked him:

"What time is it, friend?" while the other walked on. Thus he got behind his victim while the questioner remained in front.

The Parisian backed from the questioner and reached for his revolver. At the same instant a heavy silk handkerchief was thrown over his head from behind by the second robber, who then humped his back against the victim's back and holding the two ends of the heavy silk handkerchief in his two hands at the height of his two shoulders, gently bent himself forward.

The thing tightened on the man's neck and made his tongue stick out. The more the robber bent forward the more it pulled the other man backward, sprawling on the robber's back, back to back, inducing a quick case of spinal curvature.

Reclining on the robber's back as in a barber chair, his two feet just lifted

from the sidewalk, his arms waving helplessly, his tongue pointing to the north star and all the blood of his body throbbing in his cranium, he felt the other robber calmly going through his pockets. He made a convulsive clutch at the silk handkerchief to loosen it from his neck. He remembers vaguely that the villain in front of him grasped his two hands and pulled his arms out straight. Then he lost consciousness.

When he came to, he was lying in the shadow of a chestnut tree with a strained neck, but not otherwise damaged.

This latter detail makes the strong point of the "coup de Pere Francois." It is not liable to kill or even disable the victim. So the stranglers of Paris argue (and perhaps correctly) that the judges will take account of it in trials and give some years less in prison to those who thus strangle mercifully instead of crushing skulls with lead pipe or cutting holes in backs or fronts with long knives.

Of the present day practitioners, whose exploits are wrapped in considerable mystery, two indications have been developed by the Paris police:

First, it is certain that Paris by night is at the present moment full of danger to the pedestrian as to the householder. For example, one night recently fifty-one burglaries entries and fifty-four street holdups and garrotting made record that drew editorials from half the daily papers. "Night Dangers of Paris," "The Insecurity of Paris and the Suburbs" and "Paris and the Stranglers" have become stock headlines, reappearing day after day in the press over long lists of aggressions.

Second, it is clear that their authors fall into two very different categories. These are the caught, who turn out regularly to be independent weaklings—one might almost say amateurs—and the uncaught, who are known only by their works. These, from the mysteriously neat way in which they are executed, indicate that some new master mind like that of Pere Francois has set to work directing a dozen or more well organized cliques of old fashioned stranglers.

These latter must not a moment be confounded with the burglarious and street fighting gangs of toughs who, under the name of "Apaches," have been terrorizing certain streets of the capital for a year back. The true stranglers glide in the dark corners of shaded avenues, by preference in the rich section of the city. They seek not to kill, but only to rob, their victims.

Fighting Fire Up Among the Clouds

In the official report of a deputy chief of a fire district in New York city is contained a story of heroism and devotion to duty that is almost unparalleled.

On Nov. 10 the new bridge, partially completed, the second which is to span the East river between Brooklyn and New York, was set on fire by a careless workman.

In the official report of the fire District Chief Guerin tells the story:

"We had ascended 150 feet when we came to a platform that was burning fiercely and threatened the stairway with total destruction. By means of axes and bars we pried up the flooring and managed to clear a space all around the stairway so that it could not catch fire from the blazing platform."

After further details the report tells about the length of time Mr. Guerin remained at the top of the tower and the dangers there encountered, saying:

"At the top of the tower we found a barrel half full of water. We then took our fire hats and managed to keep the flames away from the stairway, which was our only means of escape in case the fire became unbearable. We stayed at the top of the tower until 8 o'clock the next morning, playing water on the main cables chiefly. We found that only one of the cables had been damaged seriously, and the two north cables were entirely intact."

The Kaiser and Art.

The Emperor William's creed about art is the despair of the true artists among his subjects. In the first place, he holds that all art should be patriotic; in the second place, German; third, it must be morally elevating in subject. These conditions are not easy to fulfill without destroying the artistic element, but this the emperor ignores.

For a Christmas Present

buy an

EASTMAN Kodak

At HASWELL'S. Nothing will afford greater pleasure as a gift.



50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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DESIGNS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent gratis. Office open 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 225 F St., Washington, D. C.

FRANKLIN BROTHERS...

MEATS

OUR OWN REFRIGERATING ROOM

HOGS, HIDE, WOOL
PELTS & BEES
WAX

PARSONS BOILING WORKS

C. G. PARSONS, Proprietor, BRYAN, TEXAS.

Enlarged, Refitted and Equipped with

NEW AND UP-TO-DATE MACHINERY

Manufacturing

PURE WHOLESOME AND HIGH GRADE SODAWATER

All Flavors, Wholesale and Retail, including

Ginger Ale, Cherry and Celery Phosphate, Peppermint, Root Beer, Iron-Brew, Seltzer and Mineral Waters.

Crown Cork System, Hutchinson, and Cork-Stoppered Goods, in pints and quarts.

MOTTO :

"Utmost cleanliness and uniform quality of goods, prompt and correct service to one and all."

Respectfully solicit the trade of Bryan and surrounding territory.

MOTTO FOR 1902

USE THE

Houston & Texas Central

It taps the best Section of Texas and Reaches

EVERY CITY OF IMPORTANCE

FREE
CHAIR
CARS
AND
THROUGH
SLEEPERS

DALLAS,
AUSTIN,
WACO,
FT. WORTH,
DENISON,
HOUSTON,
CORSICANA.

S. F. B. MORSE, T. J. ANDERSON, M. L. ROBBINS,
Pass. Traf. Mgr. <ssst. Gen. Pass. Agt. Gen. Pass & Tkt. Agt.



Mrs. Fred Unrath,

No. 228 Territorial Street, Benton Harbor, Mich.



hers, as are their ambitions, triumphs and defeats. Healthy women do not suffer miscarriage nor does a woman who is healthy suffer tortures at childbirth. It is the woman who is ailing—who fears the ordeal of becoming a mother. Wine of Cardui builds up the womanly in a woman. It stops all unnatural drains and strains—irregularities which are responsible for barrenness and miscarriage. It makes a woman strong and healthy and able to pass through pregnancy and childbirth with little suffering. After the ordeal is passed the Wine prepares a woman for a speedy recovery to health and activity.

Wine of Cardui, in re-enforcing the organs of generation, has made mothers of women who had given up hope of ever becoming mothers. Wine of Cardui will cure almost any case of barrenness except cases of organic trouble. How can you refuse to take such a remedy that promises such relief from suffering? Wine of Cardui simply makes you a strong woman, and strong, healthy women do not suffer. They look forward to motherhood with joy.

Excursion tickets will also be on sale between all points on the I. & G. N. System December 23, 24, 25, 26 and 31, 1902, and January 1, 1903, limited January 3 for return. Call on Agents, or write us for particulars as to Territory, Rates, Schedules, etc.

L. Trice
2nd V.P. & G.M.
Palestine, Texas.

D. J. Price
G.P. & T.A.
Palestine, Texas.

Tickets will be sold

DEC. 13, 17, 21, 22, 23, 26

LIMIT 30 DAYS FOR RETURN.

Note the low rate and early selling dates—Quick Time, Good Accommodations for Holiday Travel

IN THROUGH CARS TO

MEMPHIS,

SHREVEPORT

and ST. LOUIS

Excursion tickets will also be on sale between all points on the I. & G. N. System December 23, 24, 25, 26 and 31, 1902, and January 1, 1903, limited January 3 for return. Call on Agents, or write us for particulars as to Territory, Rates, Schedules, etc.

W. C. FOUNTAIN

Dentist.

BRYAN, TEXAS.

J. W. Batts, Real Estate Agent.

Have in office the only set of abstract books of Brazos county land titles.

FOR SALE.

40 acres of first-class pasture land located partly within the city limits. Plenty of stock water. Price \$15 per acre.

About one and one-quarter acres near schoolhouse in southeast part of town. Small new cottage, tenant house and well on premises. Price \$750.

Six room house and two lots of land located four blocks from Main Street. Brick cistern on premises. Price \$1250.

One quarter block near Allen Academy. East front. Price \$250.00. Terms easy.

75 feet front on Railroad street out Otto Boehme's property. Will sell part or all.

Lots near school house at \$100 each.

Also other city property

For Sale

BY— LAMAR BETHEA,

Successor to Monroe Edge,

Real Estate Agent.

92 acres of first-class land near A. & M. college, good location for dairy and hog farm, price \$1000.

3½ lots on courthouse square, good seven room house, newly painted with barn and all necessary out houses, fine well of water going at \$2200.00.

Will sell the Pochila two story house cheap.

Will sell lots in north western part of city, inside lots at \$25.00, corner lots at \$35.00.

69 acres on Wixon creek known as Pearson place, 49 acres in cultivation. All creek bottom land except 5 acres. Good place for party wanting small farm. Going cheap.

29 acres. Good 6 room house. Two underground brick cisterns. About 24 acres in cultivation. One mile west of city. I. & G. N. R. R. passes through property. Will sell for \$1500.00 or trade for city property.

Other lands too numerous to mention.

Sound Advice!

We all enjoy a good hearty meal but few dare indulge in it, for fear of sick-headache, indigestion, dyspepsia, and a host of other stomach troubles. Take a wine glassful of Carrizo Springs Mineral Water after your meals, and you will be able to eat and drink what you please, with impunity. It is a natural mineral water, nature's own remedy for Constipation, Stomach and Catarrhal troubles, and may be given to the youngest children. Try a bottle, it costs but 25 cents, should your druggist not have it, we will ship you a 5-gallon jug prepaid for \$4.00.

CARRIZO SPRINGS MINERAL WATER COMPANY.

Things We Like Best

Often Disagree With Us

Because we overeat of them. Indigestion follows. But there's a way to escape such consequences. A dose of a good digestant like Kodol will relieve you at once. Your stomach is simply too weak to digest what you eat. That's all indigestion is. Kodol digests the food without the stomach's aid. Thus the stomach rests while the body is strengthened by wholesome food. Dieting is unnecessary. Kodol digests any kind of good food. Strengthens and invigorates. Kodol Makes Rich Red Blood.

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The 16 oz. bottle contains 2½ times the 60cc. size.

EXCHANGE SHAVING PARLOR

H. B. DORSEY, Proprietor.

First-class Hot and Cold Shower and Vapor BATH

COAL
COAL
COAL
PERTON \$8

Bryan Ice, Storage & Coal Co.

BLOCKADE HAS BEGUN

The Text of the Official Proclamation Given Out.

NAMES OF THE PORTS

Vessels Which Attempt to Violate the Rules and Regulations Authorized by Nations Render Themselves Liable.

London, Dec. 20.—The official proclamation of the blockade of Venezuelan ports were gazetted this morning and becomes effective at once. The text of the proclamation is as follows:

Foreign Office, Dec. 20, 1902.—It is hereby notified that as the United States of Venezuela have failed to comply with the demands of his majesty's government, a blockade by his majesty's naval forces of La Guaira, Carenero, Guanta, Gumana and Carthano and the mouth of the Orinoco are declared, and such blockade will be effectively maintained from and after Dec. 20, subject to allowance of following days of grace:

For vessels sailing before date of this notification from West Indian ports and ports on the coast of the continent of America, ten days for steamers and twenty days for sailing vessels. From all other ports, twenty days for steamers and forty days for sailing vessels. For vessels lying in ports, now declared to be blockaded, fifteen days.

Vessels which attempt the blockade render themselves liable to all measures authorized by the law of nations and by respective treaties between his majesty and the different neutral powers.

COMPLETE POWER.

French Foreign Office Informed of Minister Bowen's Authority.

Paris, Dec. 20.—A cable message from Fort de France, Martinique, announces the French cruiser Drouet, which was assigned a few days ago to protect French citizens of Venezuela, will now remain outside Venezuela waters, as all anxiety regarding the welfare of French citizens have been dispelled.

The foreign office received from the charge d'affaires at Caracas confirmation of announcements that President Castro has conferred complete powers on Minister Bowen to arrange terms of arbitration. The dispatch added the president expressed his confident belief that the exercise by the United States of the powers granted to Minister Bowen would undoubtedly result in the adjustment of the questions in dispute.

Informal exchanges of views between chancelleries of Rome, London and Paris indicate a willingness of the British, Italian and French governments to agree to the creation of a mixed commission to adjust the differences.

MORE TEMPERATE.

British Newspapers Have Calmed Down to a Considerable Extent.

London, Dec. 20.—Comment of the newspapers become much more temperate since better prospect for a peaceful arrangement of the Venezuela difficulty. It is asked whether, considering the difficulties to be overcome, a recourse to arbitration will be found possible. All papers are anxious for such a solution of the trouble to be reached. Altogether, a more cheerful view of the situation is taken.

James Price, a member of parliament, addressing the Eighty club Friday night, said he hoped earnestly that the difficulty would be settled speedily, because there is always possibility in the United States of some mixed commission to adjust the differences.

BIBLE KISSING.

Bill Introduced in Virginia Legislature Prohibiting it in a Legal Manner.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 20.—In the state senate Senator McIlwaine offered a bill prohibiting the kissing of the Bible upon the administration of an oath in the courts of this commonwealth.

The senator stated privately that he was induced to offer this bill because of uncleanness in the miscellaneous kissing of the book and the danger of spreading diseases.

The bill was referred to the committee on courts of justice.

THREE CRUSERS ARRIVE.

La Guayra, Dec. 20.—The United States cruiser Albany, French cruiser Troude and British cruiser Retribution have arrived.

LARGE JUDGMENT SECURED.

Brockton, Mass., Dec. 20.—A jury in

the superior court has awarded Frank J. Cashin of Springfield \$37,000 in his suit against the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company for injuries received as a passenger in the Avon railroad accident in 1901. He brought suit for \$75,000. Testimony was offered to the effect that the plaintiff received injuries from which he was growing worse instead of better. After the announcement of the verdict counsel for the road made a motion for a new trial.

JUDGE ADVOCATE PASSES AWAY.

San Francisco, Dec. 20.—Lieutenant Colonel J. N. Morrison, judge advocate of the military department of California, is dead at the Presidio general hospital as the result of an attack of peritonitis. The deceased officer was appointed to the judge advocate's department from civil life in 1896.

Judge Advocate Passes Away.

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